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THE TWINS:

A Domestic Novel.

&c.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

AUTHOR OF

"PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

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THE TWINS.

CHAPTER I.

PLACE : TIME : CIRCUMSTANCE.

BURLEIGH-SINGLETON is a pleasant little watering-place on the southern coast of England, entirely suitable for those who have small incomes, and good consciences. The latter, to residents especially, are at least as indispensable as the former: seeing that, however just the reputation of their growing little town for superior cheapness in matters of meat and drink, its character in things regarding men and manners is quite as undeniable for pre-eminent dulness.

Not but that it has its varieties of scene, and more or less of circumstances too: there are, on one flank, the breezy Heights, with flag-

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staff and panorama; on the other, broad and level water-meadows, skirted by the dark flowing Mullet running to the sea between its tortuous banks: for neighbourhood, Pacton Park is one great attraction, the pretty market-town of Eyemouth another, the everlasting never-tiring sea a third; and, at high summer, when the Devonshire lanes are not knee-deep in mire, the nevertheless immeasurably filthy, though picturesque, mud-built village of Oxton.

Then again (and really as I enumerate these multitudinous advantages, I begin to relent for having called it dull), you may pick up curious agate pebbles on the beach, as well as coral-lines and scarce seaweeds, good for gumming on front-parlour windows; you may fish *for* whitings in the bay, and occasionally catch them; you may wade in huge caoutchouc boots among the muddy shallows of the Mullet, and shoot *at* cormorants and curlews; you may walk to satiety between high-banked and rather dirty cross-roads; and if you will scramble up the hedge-row, may get now and then peeps of undulated country landscape.

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Moreover, you have free liberty to drop in anywhere to "tiffin",— Burleigh being very Indianized, and a guest always welcome; indeed, so Indianized is it, so populous in jaundiced cheeks and ailing livers, that you may openly assert, without fear of being misunderstood (if you wish to vary your common phrase of loyalty), that Victoria sits upon the "musnud" of Great Britain; you may order curry in the smallest pot-house, and still be sure to get the rice well cooked; you may call your housemaid "ayah," without risk of warning for impertinence; you may vent your wrath against indolent waiters in the eloquence of "jaa, soostee;" and, finally, you may go to the library, and besides the advantage of the day before yesterday's Times, you may behold in bilious presence an affable but authoritative old gentleman, who introduces himself, "Sir, you see in me the hero of Puttymuddyfudgepoor."

You may even now see such an one, I say, and hear him too, if you will but go to Burleigh; seeing he has by this time overlived the year or so whereof our tale discourses. He

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has, by dint of service, attained to the dignity of General H. E. I. C. S., and—which he was still longer coming to,—the wisdom of being a communicative creature; though possibly, by a natural reaction, at present he carries anti-secresy a little too far, and verges on the gossiping extreme. But, at the time to which we must look back to commence this right instructive story, General Tracy was still drinking "Hodgson's Pale" in India, was so taciturn as to be considered almost dumb, and had not yet lifted up his yellow visage upon Albion's white cliffs, nor taken up head-quarters in his final rest of Burleigh-Singleton.

Nevertheless, with reference to quartering at Burleigh, a certain long-neglected wife of his, Mrs. Tracy, had; and that for the period of at least the twenty-one years preceding: how and wherefore I proceed to tell.

A common case and common fate was that of Mrs. Tracy. She had married, both early and hastily, a gallant lieutenant, John George Julian Tracy to wit, the military germ of our future general; their courtship and acquaint-

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ance previous to matrimony extended over the not inconsiderable space of three whole weeks, commencing with a county ball; and after marriage, honeymoon inclusive, they lived the life of cooing doves for three whole months.

And now came the furlough's end: Mr. Tracy, in his then habitual reserve (a quiet man was he), had concealed its existence altogether; and for aught Jane knew, the hearty invalid was to remain at home for ever: but months soon slip away; and so it came to pass, that on a certain next Wednesday he must be on his way back to the Presidency of Madras, and,—if she will not follow him,—he must leave her.

However, there was a certain old relative, one Mrs. Green, a childless widow, rich, capricious, and infirm, whom Jane Tracy did not wish to lose sight of: her money was well worth both watching and waiting for; and the captain, whom a lucky chance had now lifted out of the lieutenancy, was easily persuaded to forego the pleasure of his wife's company till the somewhat indefinite period of her old aunt's death.

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How far sundry discoveries made in the unknown regions of each other's temper reconciled him to this retrograding bachelorship, and her to widowhood-bewitched, I will not undertake to say: but I will hazard the remark, anti-poor-law though it seemeth, that the separation of man and wife, however convenient, lucrative, or even mutually pleasant, is a dereliction of duty, which always deserves, and generally meets its proper and discriminative punishment. Had the young wife faithfully performed her Maker's bidding, and left all other ties unstrung to cleave unto her lord; had she considered a husband's true affections before all other wealth, and resolved to share his dangers, to solace his cares, to be his blessing through life, and his partner even unto death, rather than selfishly to seek her own comfort, and consult her own interest,—the tale of crime and sadness, which it is my lot to tell, would never have had truth for its foundation.

Ill-matched for happiness though they were, however well-matched as to mutual merit, the

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common man of pleasure and the frivolous woman of fashion, still the wisest way to fuse their minds to union, the likeliest receipt for moral good and social comfort, would have been this course of foreign scenes, of new faces, sprinkled with a seasoning of adventure, hardship, danger, in a distant land. Gradually would they have learned to bear and forbear; the petty quarrel would have been forgotten in the frequent kindness; the rougher edges of temper and opinion would insensibly have smoothed away; new circumstances would have brought out better feelings under happier skies; old acquaintances, false friends forgotten, would have neutralized old feuds: and, by long-living together, though it were perhaps amid various worries and many cares, they might still have come to a good old age with more than average happiness, and more than the common run of love. Patience in dutiful enduring brings a sure reward: and marriage, however irksome a constraint to the foolish and the gay, is still so wise an ordinance, that the most ill-assorted couple imaginable will unconsciously grow

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happy, if they only remain true to one another, and will learn the wisdom always to hope and often to forgive.

The Tracys, however, overlooked all this, and mutual friends (those invariable foes to all that is generous and unworldly) smiled upon the prudence of their temporary separation. The captain was to come home again on furlough in five years at furthest, even if the aunt held out so long; and this availed to keep his wife in the rear-guard; therefore, Mrs. Tracy wiped her eyes, bade adieu to her retreating lord in Plymouth Sound, and determined to abide, with other expectant dames and Asiatic invalided heroes, at Burleigh-Singleton, until she might go to him, or he return to her: for pleasant little Burleigh, besides its contiguity to arriving Indiamen, was advantageous as being the dwelling-place of aforesaid Mrs. Green,—that wealthy widowed aunt devoutly wished in heaven: and the considerate old soul had offered her designing niece a home with her, till Tracy could come back.

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During the first year of absence, ship-letters and India letters arrived duteously in consecutive succession: but somehow or other, the regular post, in no long time afterwards, became unfaithful to its trust; and if Mrs. Jane heard quarterly, which at any rate she did through the agent, when he remitted her allowance, she consoled herself as to the captain's well-being: in due course of things, even this became irregular; he was far up the country, hunting, fighting, surveying, and what not; and no wonder that letters, if written at all, which I rather doubt, got lost. Then there came a long period of positive and protracted silence, months of it, years of it; barring that her checks for cash were honoured still at Hancocks', though they could tell her nothing of her lord; so that Mrs. Tracy was at length seriously recommended by her friends to become a widow; she tried on the cap, and looked into many mirrors; but, after long inspection, decided upon still remaining a wife, because the weeds were so clearly unbecoming. Habit, meanwhile, and that still existing old

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aunt, who seemed resolved to live to a hundred, kept her as before at Burleigh: and, seeing that a few months after the captain's departure she had presented the world, not to say her truant lord, with twins, she had always found something to do in the way of, what she considered, education, and other juvenile amusement: that is to say, when the gaieties of a circle of fifteen miles in radius left her any time to spare in such a process. The twins, a brace of boys, were born and bred at Burleigh, and had attained severally to twenty years of age, just before their father came home again as brevet-major-general: but both they, and that arrival, deserve special detail, each in its own chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

THE HEROES.

MRS. TRACY'S sons were as unlike each other as it is well possible for two human beings to be, both in person and character. Julian, whose forward and bold spirit gained him from the very cradle every prerogative of eldership (and he did struggle first into life, too, so he was the first-born), had grown to be a swarthy, strong, big-boned man, of the Roman-nosed, or, more physiognomically, the Jewish cast of countenance; with melo-dramatic elf-locks, large whiskers, and ungovernable passions; loud, fierce, impetuous; cunning, too, for all his overbearing clamour; and an embodied personification of those choice essentials to criminal happiness,—a hard heart, and a good diges-

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tion. Charles, on the contrary (or, as logicians would say, on the contradictory), was fair-haired, blue-eyed, of Grecian features; slim, though well enough for inches, and had hitherto (as the commonalty have it,) "enjoyed" weak health: he was gentle and affectionate in heart, pure and religious in mind, studious and unobtrusive in habits. It was a wonder to see the strange diversity between those own twin brothers, born within the same hour, and, it is superfluous to add, of the same parents; brought up in all outward things alike, and who had shared equally in all that might be called advantage or disadvantage, of circumstance or education.

Certain is it that minds are different at birth, and require as different a treatment as Iceland moss from cactuses, or bull-dogs from bull-finches: certain is it, too, that Julian, early submitted and resolutely broken in, would have made as great a man, as Charles, naturally meek, did make a good one; but, for the matter of educating her boys, poor Mrs. Tracy had no more notion of the feat, than of

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squaring the circle, or determining the longitude. She kept them both at home, till the peevish aunt could suffer Julian's noise no longer: the house was a Pandemonium, and the Giant grown too big for that castle of Otranto; so he must go at any rate; and (as no difference in the treatment of different characters ever occurred to anybody) of course Charles must go along with him. Away they went to an expensive school, which Julian's insubordination on the instant could not brook,—and, accordingly, he ran away: without doubt, Charles must be taken away too. Another school was tried: Julian got expelled this time; and Charles, in spite of prizes, must, on system, be removed with him: so forth, with like wisdom, all through the years of adolescence and instruction, those ill-matched brothers were driven as a pair. Then again, for fashion's sake, and aunt Green's whims, the circumspective mother, notwithstanding all her inconsistencies, gave each of them prettily bound hand-books of devotion; which the one used upon his knees, and the other lit cigars withal;

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both extremes having exceeded her intention: and she proved similarly overreached when she persisted in treating both exactly alike, as to liberal allowances, and liberty of will; the result being, that one of her sons "foolishly" spent his money in a multitude of charitable hobbies; and that the other was constantly supplied with means for (the mother was sorry to say it, vulgar) dissipation. By consequence, Charles did more good, and Julian more evil, than I have time to stop and tell off.

If anything in this life must be personal, peculiar, and specific, it is education: we take upon ourselves to speak thus dogmatically, not of mere school-teaching only, *musa*, *musæ*, and so forth; nor yet of lectures, on relative quantities of carbon and nitrogen in vegetables; no, nor even of schemes of theology, or codes of morals; but we do speak of the daily and hourly reining-in, or letting-out, of discouragement in one appetite, and encouragement in another; of habitual formation of characters in their diversity; and of shaping that bear's-cub, or that child-angel, the natural human

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mind, to its destined ends; that it may turn out, for good, according to its several natures, to be either the strong-armed, bold-eyed rough-hewer of God's grand designs, or the delicate-fingered polisher of His rarest sculptures. Julian, well-trained, might have grown to be a Luther; and many a gentle soul like Charles has turned out a coxcomb and a sensualist.

The boys were born, as I have said, in the regulation order of things, a few months after Captain Tracy sailed away for India, some full score of years, and more, from this present hour, when we have seen him seated as a general in the library at Burleigh; and, until the last year, they had never seen their father, scarcely ever heard of him.

The incidents of their lives had been few and common-place: it would be easy, but wearisome, to specify the orchards, and the bee-hives, which Julian had robbed as a school-boy; the rebellions he had headed; the monkey tricks he had played upon old fishwomen; and the cruel havoc he had made of cats, rats, and other poor tormented creatures, who had minis-

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tered to his wanton and brutalizing joys. In like manner, wearily, but easily, might I relate how Charles grew up the nurse's darling, though little of his flaunting mother's; the curly-pated young bookworm; the sympathizing, inoffensive, gentle heart, whose effort still it was to countervail his brother's evil: how often, at the risk of blows, had he interposed to save some drowning puppy: how often paid the bribe for Julian's impunity, when mulcted for some damage done in the way of broken windows, upset apple-stalls, and the like: how often had he screened his bad twin brother from the flagellatory consequences of sheer idleness, by doing for him all his school-tasks: how often striven to guide his insensate conscience to truth, and good, and wisdom: how often, and how vainly!

And when the youths grew up, and their good and evil grew up with them, it were possible to tell you a heart-rending tale of Julian's treachery to more than one poor village beauty; and many a pleasing trait of Charles's pure benevolence, and wise zeal to

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remedy his brother's mischiefs. The one went about doing ill, and the other doing good: Julian, on account of obligations, more truly than in spite of them, hated Charles; and yet one great aim of all Charles's amiabilities tended continually to Julian's good, and he strove to please him, too, while he wished to bless him. The one had grown to manhood, full of unrepented sins, and ripe for darker crime: the other had attained a like age of what is somewhat satirically called discretion, having amassed, with Solon of old, "knowledge day by day," having lived a life of piety and purity, and blest with a cheerful disposition, that teemed with happy thoughts.

They had, of course, in the progress of human life, been both laid upon the bed of sickness, where, with similar contrast, the one lay muttering discontent, and the other smiling patiently: they had both been in dangers by land and by sea, where Julian, though not a little lacking to himself at the moment of peril, was still loudly minacious till it came too near; while Charles, with all his caution,

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was more actually courageous, and in spite of all his gentleness, stood against the worst undaunted: they had both, with opposite motives and dissimilar modes of life, passed through various vicissitudes of feeling, scene, society; and the influence of circumstance on their different characters, heightened or diminished, bettered or depraved, by the good or evil principle in each, had produced their different and probable results.

Thus, strangely dissimilar, the twin brothers together stand before us: Julian the strong impersonation of the animal man, as Charles of the intellectual; Julian, matter, Charles, spirit; Julian, the creature of this world, tending to a lower and a worse; Charles, though in the world, not of the world, and reaching to a higher and a better.

Mrs. Tracy, the mother of this various progeny, had been somewhat of a beauty in her day, albeit much too large and masculine for the taste of ordinary mortals; and though now very considerably past forty, the vain vast female was still ambitious of compliment, and greedy

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of admiration. That Julian should be such a woman's favourite will surprise none; she had, she could have, no sympathies with mild and thoughtful Charles; but rather dreaded to set her flaunting folly in the light of his wise glance, and sought to hide her humbled vanity from his pure and keen perceptions. His very presence was a tacit rebuke to her social dissipation, and she could not endure the mild radiance of his virtues. He never fawned and flattered her, as Julian would; but had even suffered filial presumption (it could not be affection, O, dear no!) to go so far as gently to expostulate at what he fancied wrong: he never gave her reason to contrast, with happy self-complacence, her own soul's state with Charles's, however she could with Julian's: and then, too, she would indulgently allow her foolish mind, a woman's though a parent's, to admire that tall, black, bandit-looking son, above the slight build, the delicate features, and almost feminine elegance of his brother: she found Julian always ready to countenance and pamper her gayest wishes, and was glad

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to make him her escort everywhere, at balls, and fêtes, and races, and archery parties; while as to Charles, he would be the stay-at-home, the milksop, the learned pundit, the pious prayer-monger, anything but the ladies' man. Yes, it is little wonder that Mrs. Tracy's heart clave to Julian, the masculine image of herself; while it barely tolerated Charles, who was a rarefied and idealized likeness of the absent and forgotten Tracy.

But the mother,—and there are many silly mothers, almost as many as silly men and silly maids,—in her admiration of the outward form of manliness, overlooked the true strength, and chivalry, and nobleness of mind which shone supreme in Charles. How would Julian have acted in such a case as this?—a sheep had wandered down the cliff's face to a narrow ledge of rock, whence it could not come back again, for there was no room to turn: Julian would have pelted it, and set his bull-dog at it, and rejoiced to have seen the poor animal's frantic leaps from shingly shelf to shelf, till it should be dashed to pieces: but how did

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Charles act? with the utmost courage, and caution, and presence of mind, he crept down, and, at the risk of his life, dragged the bleating unreluctant creature up again; it really seemed as if the grateful poor dumb brute recognised its humane friend, and suffered him to rescue it without a struggle or a motion that might have endangered both.

Again: a burly costermonger was belabouring his donkey, and the wretched beast fell beneath his cudgel: strange to say, Julian and Charles were walking together that time; and the same sight affected each so differently, that the one sided with the cruel man, and the other with his suffering victim: Charles, in momentary indignation, rushed up to the fellow, wrested the cudgel from his hand, and flung it over the cliff; while Julian was so base, so cowardly, as to reward such generous interference, by holding his weaker brother's arms, and inviting the wrathful costermonger to expend the remainder of his frenzy on unlucky Charles. Yes, and when at home Mrs. Tracy heard all this, she was silly enough,

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wicked enough, to receive her truly noble son with ridicule, and her other one, the child of her disgrace, with approval:

"It will teach you, Master Charles, not to meddle with common people and their donkeys; and you may thank your brother Julian for giving you a lesson how a gentleman should behave."

Poor Charles! but poorer Julian, and poorest Mrs. Tracy.

It would be easy, if need were, to enumerate multiplied examples tending towards the same end, — a large, masculine-featured mother's foolish preference of the loud, bold, worldly animal, before the meek, kind, noble, spiritual. And the results of all these many matters were, that now, at twenty years of age, Charles found himself as it were alone in a strange land, with many common friends indeed abroad, but at home no nearer dearer ties to string his heart's dank lyre withal; neither mother nor brother, nor any other kind familiar face to look upon his gentleness in love, or to sympathize with his affections, unappre-

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hended, unappreciated: so—while Mrs. Tracy was the showy, gay, and vapid thing she ever had been, and Julian the same impetuous mother's son which his very nurse could say she knew him—Charles grew up a shy and silent youth, necessarily reserved, for lack of some one to understand him; necessarily chilled, for want of somebody to love him.

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CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

THE young men were thus situated as regards both the world and one another, and Mrs. Tracy had almost entirely forgotten the fact, that she possessed a piece of goods so supererogatory as her husband, (a property too which her children had never yet quite realised,) when all on a sudden, one ordinary morning, the postman's knock brought to her breakfast-table at Burleigh-Singleton the following epistle:

"British Channel, Thursday, March 11th, 1842.
"The Sir William Elphinston, E.I.M.

"DEAR JANE,

"You will be surprised to find that you are to see me so soon I dare say, especially as it is

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now some years since you will have heard from me. The reason is, I have been long in an out-of-the-way part of India, where there is little communication with Europe, and so you will excuse my not writing. We hope to find ourselves to-night in Plymouth roads, where I shall get into a pilot-boat, and so shall see you to-morrow. You may, therefore, now expect your affectionate husband,

"J. G. J. TRACY, General H.E.I.C.S.

"P.S. 1.—Remember me to our boy, or boys,—which is it?

"P.S. 2.—I bring with me the daughter of a friend in India, who is come over for a year or two's polish at a first-rate school. Of course you will be glad to receive her as our guest.

"J. G. J. T."

This loving letter was the most startling event that had ever attempted to unnerve Mrs. Tracy; and she accordingly managed, for effect and propriety's sake, to grow very faint upon the spot, whether for joy, or sorrow, or fear of lost liberty, or hope of a restored lord, doth

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not appear; she had so long been satisfied with receiving quarterly pay from the India agents, that she forgot it was an evidence of her husband's existence; and lo, here he was returning a general, doubtlessly a magnificent moustachioed individual, and she was to be Mrs. General! so when she came completely to herself, after that feint of a faint, she was thinking of nothing but court-plumes, oriental pearls, and her gallant Tracy's uniform.

The postscripts also had their influence: Charles, naturally affectionate, and willing to love a hitherto unseen father, felt hurt, as well he might, at the "boy, or boys;" while Julian, who ridiculed his brother's sentimentality, was already fancying that "the daughter of a friend" might be a pleasant addition to the dulness of Burleigh-Singleton.

Preparations vast were made at once for the General's reception; from attic to kitchen was sounded the tocsin of his coming. Julian was all bustle and excitement, to his mother's joy and pride; while Charles merited her wrath, by too much of his habitual and paternal quie-

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tude, particularly when he withdrew his forces altogether from the loud domestic fray, by retreating upstairs to cogitate and muse, perhaps to make a calming prayer or two about all these matters of importance. As for Mrs. Tracy herself, she was even now, within the first hour of that news, busily engaged in collecting cosmetics, trinkets, blonde lace, and other female finery, resolved to trick herself out like Jezebel, and win her lord once more; whilst the pernicious old aunt, who still lived on, notwithstanding all those twenty years of patience, as vivacious as before, grumbled and scolded so much at this upsetting of her house, that there was really some risk of her altering the will at last, and cutting out Jane Tracy after all.

And the morrow morning came, as if it were no more than an ordinary Friday, and with it came expectancy; and noon succeeded, and with it spirits alternately elated and depressed; and evening drew in, with heart-sickness and chagrin at hopes or prophecies deferred; and night, and next morning, and still the General

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came not. So, much weeping at that vexing disappointment, after so many pains to please, Mrs. Tracy put aside her numerous aids and appliances, and lay slatternly abed, to nurse a headache until noon; and all had well nigh forgotten the probable arrival, when, to everybody's dismay, a dusty chaise and four suddenly rattled up the terrace, and stopped at our identical number 7.

Then was there scuffling up, and getting down, and making preparation in hot haste; and a stout gentleman with a gambouge face descended from the chaise, exploding wrath like a bomb-shell, that so important an approach had made such slight appearance of expectancy: it was disrespectful to his rank, and he took care to prove he was a somebody, by blowing up the very innocent post-boys. This accomplished, he gallantly handed out after him a pretty-looking miss in her teens. Poor Mrs. Tracy, *en papillotes*, looked out at the casement like any one but Jezebel attired for bewitching, and could have cried for vexation; in fact, she did, and passed it off for feeling.

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Aunt Green, whom the General at first lovingly saluted as his wife (for the poor man had entirely forgotten the uxorial appearance) was all in a pucker for deafness, blindness, and evident misapprehension of all things in general, though clearly pleased, and flattered at her gallant nephew's salutation. Julian, with what grace of manner he could muster, was already playing the agreeable to that pretty ward, after having, to the General's great surprise, introduced himself to him as his son; while Charles, who had rushed into the room, warm-heartedly to fling himself into his father's arms, was repelled on the spot for his affection: General Tracy, with a military air, excused himself from the embrace, extending a finger to the unknown gentleman with somewhat of offended dignity.

At last, down came the wife: our General at once perceived himself mistaken in the matter of Mrs. Green; and, coldly bowing to the bedizened dame, acknowledged her pretensions with a courteous—

"Mrs. General Tracy, allow me to intro-

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duce to you Miss Emily Warren, the daughter of a very particular friend of mine:—Miss Warren, Mrs. Tracy."

For other welcomings, mutual astonishment at each others' fat, some little sorrowful talk of the twenty years ago, and some dull paternal jest about this dozen feet of sons, made up the chilly meeting: and the slender thread of sentimentals, which might possibly survive it, was soon snapt by paying postboys, orders after luggage, and devouring tiffin.

The only persons who felt anything at all, were Mrs. Tracy, vexed at her dishabille, and mortified at so cool a reception of, what she hoped, her still unsullied beauties; and Charles, poor fellow, who ran up to his studious retreat, and soothed his grief, as best he might, with philosophic fancies: it was so cold, so heartless, so unkind a greeting. Romantic youth! how should the father have known him for a son?

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CHAPTER IV.

THE GENERAL AND HIS WARD.

It is surprising what a change twenty years of a tropical sun can make in the human constitution. The Captain went forth a good-looking, good-tempered man, destitute neither of kind feelings nor masculine beauty: the General returned bloated, bilious, irascible, entirely selfish, and decidedly ill-favoured. Such affections as he ever had seemed to have been left behind in India,—that new world, around which now all his associations and remembrances revolved; and the reserve, (clearly reproduced in Charles,) the habit of silence whereof we took due notice in the springtide of his life, had now grown, perhaps from some oppressive secret, into a settled, moody, con-

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tinuous taciturnity, which made his curious wife more vexed at him than ever; for, notwithstanding all the news he must have had to tell her, the company of John George Julian Tracy proved to his long expectant Jane anything but cheering or instructive. His past life, and present feelings, to say nothing of his future prospects, might all be but a blank, for anything the General seemed to care: brandy and tobacco, an easy chair, and an ordnance map of India, with Emily beside him to talk about old times, these were all for which he lived: and even the female curiosity of a wife, duly authorized to ask questions, could extract from him astonishingly little of his Indian experiences. As to his wealth, indeed, Mrs. Tracy boldly made direct inquiry; for Julian set her on to beg for a commission, and Charles also was anxious for a year or two at college: but the General divulged not much: albeit he vouchsafed to both his sons a liberally increased allowance. It was only when his wife, piqued at such reserve, pettishly remarked,

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"At any rate, sir, I may be permitted to hope, that Miss Warren's friends are kind enough to pay her expenses;"

That the veteran, in high dudgeon at any imputation on his Indian acquaintances, sternly answered,

"You need not be apprehensive, madam; Emily Warren is amply provided for." Words which sank deep into the prudent mother's mind.

But we must not too long let dock-leaves hide a violet; it is high time, and barely courteous now, to introduce that beautiful exotic, Emily Warren. Her own history, as she will tell it to Charles hereafter, was so obscure, that she knew little of it certainly herself, and could barely gather probabilities from scattered fragments. At present, we have only to survey results in a superficial manner: in their due season we will dig up all the roots.

No heroine can probably engage our interest or sympathy who possesses the infirmity of ugliness: it is not in human nature to admire her, and human nature is a thing very much

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to be consulted. Moreover, no one ever yet saw an amiable personage, who was not so far pleasing,—or, in other parlance, so far pretty. I cannot help the common course of things; and however hackneyed be the thought, however commonplace the phrase, it is true, nevertheless, that beauty, singular beauty, would be the first idea of any rational creature, who caught but a glimpse of Emily Warren; and I should account it little wonder, if, upon a calmer gaze, that beauty were found to have its deepest, clearest fountain in those large dark eyes of her's.

Aware as I may be, that "large dark eyes" are no novelty in tales like this; and famous for rare originality as my pen (not to say genius) would become, if an attempt were herein made to interest the world in a pink-eyed heroine, still I prefer plodding on the well-worn path of pleasant beauty: and so long as Nature's bounty continues to supply so well the world we live in with large dark eyes, and other feminine perfections, our Emily at any rate remains in fashion; and if she has

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many pretty peers, let us at least not peevishly complain of them. A graceful shape is, luckily, almost the common prerogative of female youthfulness; a dimpled smile, a cheerful, winning manner, regular features, and a mass of luxuriant brown hair,—these all heroines have,—and so has our's.

But, no heroine ever had yet Emily Warren's eyes; not identically only, which few can well deny; but similarly also, which the many must be good enough to grant: and very few heroes indeed ever saw their equal; though, if any hereabouts object, I will not be so cruel or unreasonable as to hope they will admit it. At first, full of soft light, gentle and alluring, they brighten up to blaze upon you lustrously, and fascinate the gazer's dazzled glance: there are depths in them that tell of the unfathomable soul, heights in them that speak of the spirit's aspirations. It is gentleness and purity, no less than sensibility and passion, that look forth in such strange power from those windows of the mind: it is not the mere beautiful machine, fair form, and pleasing colours, but

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the heavenborn light of tenderness and truth, streaming through the lens, that takes the fond heart captive. Charles, for one, could not help looking long and keenly into Emily Warren's eyes; they magnetized him, so that he might not turn away from them; entranced him, that he would not break their charm, had he been able: and then the long tufted eyelashes droop so softly over those blazing suns,—that I do not in the least wonder at Charles's impolite, perhaps, but still natural involuntary stare, and his mute abstracted admiration: the poor youth is caught at once, a most willing captive,—the moth has burnt its wings, and flutters still happily around that pleasant warming radiance. How his heart has yearned for something to love, some being worthy of his own most pure affections: and lo! these beauteous eyes, true witnesses of this sweet mind, have filled him for ever and a day with love at first sight.

But, gentle Charles was not the only conquest: the fiery Julian, too, acknowledged her supremacy, bowed his stubborn neck, and

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yoked himself at once, another and more rugged captive, to the chariot of her charms. It was Caliban, as well as Ferdinand, courting fair Miranda. In his lower grade, he loved,—fiercely, coarsely: and the same passion, which filled his brother's heart with happiest aspirations, and pure unselfish tenderness towards the beauteous stranger, burnt him up as an inward and consuming fire: Charles sunned himself in heaven's genial beams, while Julian was hot with the lava-current of his own bad heart's volcano.

It will save much trouble, and do away with no little useless mystery, to declare at the outset, which of these opposite twin-brothers our dark-eyed Emily preferred. She was only seventeen in years; but an Indian sky had ripened her to full maturity, both of form and feelings: and having never had any one whom she cared to think upon, and let her heart delight in, till Charles looked first upon her beauty wonderingly, it is no marvel if she unconsciously reciprocated his young heart's thought,—before ever he had breathed it to

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himself. Julian's admiration she entirely overlooked; she never thought him more than civil, barely that, perhaps; however he might flatter himself: but her heart and eyes were full of his fair contrast, the light seen brighter against darkness; Charles all the dearer for a Julian. Intensely did she love him, as only tropic blood can love; intently did she gaze on him, when anywhile he could not see her face, as only those dark eyes could gaze: and her mind, all too ignorant but greedy of instruction, no less than her heart, rich in sympathies and covetous of love, went forth, and fed deliciously on the intellectual brow, and delicate flushing cheek of her nobleminded Charles. Not all in a day, nor a week, nor a month, did their loves thus ripen together. Emily was a simple child of nature, who had everything to learn; she scarcely knew her Maker's name, till Charles instructed her in God's great love: the stars were to her only shining studs of gold, and the world one mighty plain, and men and women soulless creatures of a day, and the wisdom of creation unconsidered, and

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the book of natural knowledge close sealed up, till Charles set out before his eager student the mysteries of earth and heaven. Oh, those blessed hours of sweet teaching! when he led her quick delighted steps up the many avenues of science to the central throne of God! Oh, those happy moments, never to return, when her eyes, in gentle thankfulness for some new truth laid open to them, flashed upon her youthful Mentor, love and intelligence, and pleased admiring wonder! Sweet spring-tide of their loves, who scarcely knew they loved, yet thought of nothing but each other; who walked hand in hand, as brother and sister, in the flowery ways of mutual blessing, mutual dependence: alas, alas, how brief a space can love, that guest from heaven, dwell on earth unsullied!

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CHAPTER V.

JEALOUSY.

For Julian soon perceived that Charles was no despicable rival. At first, self-flattery, and the habitual contempt wherewith he regarded his brother, blinded him to Emily's attachment: moreover, in the scenes of gaiety and the common social circle, she never gave him cause to complain of undue preferences; readily she leant upon his arm, cheerfully accompanied him in morning-visits, noon-day walks, and evening parties; and if pale Charles (in addition to the more regular masters, dancing and music, and other pieces of accomplishment) thought proper to bore her with his books for sundry hours every day, Julian found no fault with that;—the girl was getting more

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a woman of the world, and all for him: she would like her play-time all the better for such schoolings, and him to be the truant at her side.

But when, from ordinary civilities, the coarse loud lover proceeded to particular attentions; when he affected to press her delicate hand, and ventured to look what he called love into her eyes, and to breathe silly nothings in her ear,—he could deceive himself no longer, notwithstanding all his vanity; as legibly as looks could write it, he read disgust upon her face, and from that day forth she shunned him with undisguised abhorrence. Poor innocent maid! she little knew the man's black mind, who thus dared to reach up to the height of her affections; but she saw enough of character in his swart scowling face, and loud assuming manners, to make her dread his very presence, as a thunder cloud across her summer sky.

Then did the baffled Julian begin to look around him, and took notice of her deepening love of Charles; nay, even purposely, she seemed now to make a difference between them, as if to

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check presumption and encourage merit. And he watched their stolen glances, how tremblingly they met each other's gaze; and he would oftentimes roughly break in upon their studies, to look on their confused disquietude with the pallid frowns of envy: he would insult poor Charles before her, in hope to humble him in her esteem; but mild and Christian patience made her see him as a martyr: he would even cast rude slights on her whom he professed to love, with the view of raising his brother's chastened wrath; but was forced to quail and sneak away beneath her quick indignant glance, ere her more philosophical lover had time to expostulate with the cowardly savage.

Meanwhile, what were the parents about? The General had given out, indeed, that he had brought Emily over for schooling; but he seemed so fond of her (in fact, she was the only thing to prove he wore a heart), that he never could resolve upon sending her away from, what she now might well call, home. Often, in some strange dialect of Hindostan,

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did they converse together of old times and distant shores; none but Emily might read him to sleep,—none but Emily wake him in the morning with a kiss,—none but Emily dare approach him in his gouty torments,—none but Emily had anything like intimate acquaintance with that moody iron-hearted man.

As to his sons, or the two young men he might presume to be his sons, he neither knew them, nor cared to know. Bare civilities, as between man and man, constituted all which their intercourse amounted to: what were those young fellows, stout or slim, to him? mere accidents of a soldier's gallantries, and of an ill-assorted marriage. He neither had, nor wished to have, any sympathies with them; Julian might be as bad as he pleased, and Charles as good, for anything the General seemed to heed: they could not dive with him into the past, and his sports of Hindostan; they reminded him, simply, of his wife, for pleasures of Memory; of the grave, for pleasures of Hope: he was older when he looked at them; and they seemed to him only living witnesses, of

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his folly as lieutenant, in the choice of Mrs. Tracy. I will not take upon myself to say, that he had any occasion to congratulate himself on the latter reminiscence.

So he quickly acquiesced in Julian's wish for a commission, and entirely approved of Charles's college schemes. After next September, the funds should be forthcoming: not but that he was rich enough, and to spare, any month in the year: but he would be vastly richer then, from prize-money, or some such luck. It was more prudent to delay until September.

With reference to Emily,—no, no,—I could see at once, that General Tracy never had any serious intention to part with Emily; but she had all manner of masters at home, and soon made extraordinary progress. As for the matter of his sons falling in love with her, attractive in all beauty though she were, he never once had given it a thought: for, first, he was too much a man of the world to believe in such ideal trash as love; and next, he totally forgot that his "boy, or boys," had human feelings. So, when his wife one day gave him a gentle and

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triumphant hint of the state of affairs, it came upon him overwhelmingly, like an avalanche: his yellow face turned flake-white, he trembled as he stood, and really seemed to take so natural a probability to heart as the most serious of evils.

"My son Julian in love with Emily! and if not he, at any rate Charles! What the devil, madam, can you mean by this dreadful piece of intelligence?—It's impossible, ma'am; nonsense, it can't be true; it shan't, ma'am."

And the General, having issued his military mandates, wrapped himself in secresy once more; satisfied that both of those troublesome sons were to leave home after next quarter, and the prize-money at Hancock's.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE CONFIDANTE.

But, Mrs. Tracy had the best reason for believing her intelligence was true, and she could see very little cause for regarding it as dreadful. True, one son would have been enough for this wealthy Indian heiress,—but still it was no harm to have two strings to her bow. Julian was her favourite, and should have the girl if she could manage it; but if Emily Warren would not hear of such a husband, why, Charles Tracy may far better get her money than anybody else.

That she possessed great wealth was evident: such jewellery, such Trinchinopoli chains, such a blaze of diamonds *en suite*, such a multitude of armlets, and circlets, and earrings, and other oriental finery, had never shone on Devonshire before: at the Eyemouth ball men worshipped

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her, radiant in beauty, and gorgeously apparelled. Moreover, money overflowed her purse, her workbox, and her jewelcase: Charles's village school, and many other well-considered charities, rejoiced in the streams of her munificence. The General had given her a bankers' book of signed blank checks, and she filled up sums at pleasure: such unbounded confidence had he in her own prudence and her far-off father's liberality. The few hints her husband deigned to give encouraged Mrs. Tracy to conclude, that she would be a catch for either of her sons; and, as for the girl herself, she had clearly been brought up to order about a multitude of servants, to command the use of splendid equipages, and to spend money with unsparing hand.

Accordingly, one day when Julian was alone with his mother, their conversation ran as follows:—

"Well, Julian dear, and what do you think of Emily Warren?"

"Think mother? why—that she's deuced pretty, and dresses like an empress: but where did the General pick her up, eh?—who is she?"

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" Why, as to who she is,—I know no more than you; she is Emily Warren: but as to the great question of what she is, I know that she is rolling in riches, and would make one of my boys a very good wife."

" Oh, as to wife, mother, one isn't going to be fool enough to marry for love nowadays: things are easier managed hereabouts, than that: but money makes it quite another thing. So this pretty minx is rich, is she?"

" A great heiress, I assure you, Julian."

" Bravo, bravo-o: but how to make the girl look sweet upon me, mother? there's that white-livered fellow, Charles,—"

" Never mind him, boy; do you suppose he would have the heart to make love to such a splendid creature as Miss Warren: fie, Julian, for a faint heart: Charles is well enough as a sabbath-school teacher, but I hope he will not bear away the palm of ladye-love from my fine high-spirited Julian." Poor Mrs. Tracy was as flighty and romantic at forty-five as she had been at fifteen.

The fine high-spirited Julian answered not a

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word, but looked excessively cross; for he knew full well that Charles's chance was to his in the ratio of a million to nothing.

"What, boy," went on the prudent mother, "still silent; I am afraid Emily's good looks have been thrown away upon you, and that your heart has not found out how to love her."

"Love her, mother? Curses! would you drive me mad? I think and dream of nothing but that girl: morning, noon, and night her eyes persecute me: go where I will, and do what I will, her image haunts me: d—— it, mother, don't I love the girl?"

[Oh love, love! thou much slandered monosyllable, how desperately do bad men malign thee.]

"Hush, Julian, pray be more guarded in your language; I am glad to see though that your heart is in the right place: suppose now that I aid your suit a little? I dare say I could do a great deal for you, my son; and nothing could be more delightful to your mother than to try and make her Julian happy."

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True, Mrs. Tracy, you were always theatrically given, and played the coquette in youth; so in age the character of go-between befits you still: dearly do you love to dabble in, what you are pleased to call, "*une affaire du cœur.*"

"Mother," after a pause replied her hopeful progeny, "if the girl had been only pretty, I shouldn't have asked any body's help; for marriage was never to my liking, and folks may have their will of prouder beauties than this Emily, without going to church for it: but money makes it quite another matter; and I may as well have the benefit of your assistance in this matter o' money, ey mother? matrimony, you know: an heiress and a beauty may be worth the wedding-ring; besides, when my commission comes, I can follow the good example that my parents set me, you know; and, after a three months' honey-mooning, can turn bachelor again for twenty years or so, as our Governor-General did, and so leave wifey at home, till she becomes a Mrs. General like you."

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Now, strange to say, this heartless bit of villany was anything but unpleasing to the foolish flattered heart of Mrs. Tracy; he was a chip of the old block, no better than his fathers: so she thanked "dear Julian" for his confidence, with admiration and emotion; and looking upwards, after the fashion of a Covent Garden martyr, blessed him.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE ETC.

"EMILY, my dear, take Julian's arm: here, Charles, come and change with me; I should like a walk with you to Oxton, to see how your little scholars get on." So spake the intriguing mother.

"Why that is just what I was going to do with Charles," said Emily, "and if Julian will excuse me —"

"Oh, never mind me, Miss Warren, pray; come along with me, will you mother?"

So they paired off in more well-matched couples (for Julian luckily took huff) and went their different ways: with those went hatred, envy, worldly scheming, and that lowest sort of love that ill deserves the name; with these

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remain all things pure, affectionate, benevolent.

"Charles, dear," they were just like brother and sister, innocent and loving, "how kind it is of you to take me with you; if you only knew how I dreaded Julian!"

"Why, Emmy? can he have offended you in any way?"

"Oh, Charles, he is so rude, and says such silly things, and—I am quite afraid to be alone with him."

"What—what—what does he say to you, Emily?" hurriedly urged her half-avowed lover.

"Oh, don't ask me, Charles—pray drop the subject," and, as she blushed, tears stood in her eyes.

Charles bit his lip and clenched his fist involuntarily; but an instant word of prayer drove away the spirit of hatred, and set up love triumphant in its place.

"My Emily—oh, what have I said? may I—may I call you my Emily? dearest, dearest girl!" escaped his lips, and he trembled at his

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own presumption. It was a presumptuous speech, indeed; but it burst from the well of his affections, and he could not help it.

Her answer was not in words, and yet his heartstrings thrilled beneath the melody; for her eyes shed on him a blaze of love that made him almost faint before them. In an instant they understood, without a word, the happy truth, that each one loved the other.

"Precious, precious Emily!" They were now far away from Burleigh, in the fields; and he seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

What more they said I was not by to hear, and if I had been would not have divulged it. There are holy secrets of affection, which those who can remember their first love,—and first love is the only love worth mentioning,—may think of for themselves. Well, far better than my feeble pencilling can picture, will they fill up this slight sketch. That walk to Oxton, that visit to the village school, was full of generous affections unrepressed, the outpourings of two deep-welled hearts, flowing forth in sympathetic ecstasy. The trees, and fields,

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and cottages, were bathed in heavenly light, and the lovers, happy in each other's trust, called upon the all-seeing God to bless the best affections of His children.

And what a change these mutual confessions made in both their minds! Doubt was gone; they *were* beloved; oh richest treasury of joy! Fear was gone; they dared declare their love; oh purest river of all sublunary pleasures! No longer pale, anxious, thoughtful, worn by the corroding care of "Does she—does she love?" —Charles was, from that moment, a buoyant, cheerful, exhilarated being,—a new character; he put on manliness, and fortitude, and somewhat of involuntary pride; whilst Emily felt, that enriched by the affections of him whom she regarded as her wisest, kindest earthly friend, by the acquisition of his love, who had led her heart to higher good than this world at its best can give her, she was elevated and ennobled from the simple Indian child, into the loved and honoured Christian woman. They went on that important walk to Oxton feeble, divided, unsatisfied in heart: they returned as

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two united spirits, one in faith, one in hope, one in love, both heavenly and earthly.

But the happy hour is past too soon; and, home again, they mixed once more with those conflicting elements of hatred and contention.

"Emily," asked the General, in a very unusual stretch of curiosity, "where have you been to with Charles Tracy? You look flushed, my dear; what's the matter?"

Of course "nothing" was the matter; and the General was answered wisely, for love was nothing in his average estimate of men and women.

"Charles, what can have come to you? I never saw you look so happy in my life," was the mother's troublesome inquiry; "why, our staid youth positively looks cheerful."

Charles's walk had refreshed him, taken away his head-ache, put him in spirits, and all manner of glib reasons for rejoicing.

"You were right, Julian," whispered Mrs. Tracy, "and we'll soon put the stopper on all this sort of thing."

So then, the moment our guiltless pair of

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lovers had severally stolen away to their own rooms, there to feast on well-remembered looks, and words, and hopes, there to lay before that heavenly Friend, whom both had learned to trust, all their present joys, as aforetime all their cares,—Mrs. Tracy looked significantly at Julian, and thus addressed her ever stern-eyed lord:—

"So, General, the old song 's coming true to us, I find, as to other folks, who once were young together;

> "And when with Envy Time transported
> Seeks to rob us of our joys,
> You 'll in your girls again be courted,
> And I 'll go wooing in my boys."

So said or sung the flighty Mrs. Tracy. It was as simple and innocent a quotation as could possibly be made: I suppose most couples, who ever heard the stanza, and have grown-up children, have thought upon its dear domestic beauty: but it strangely affected the irascible old General. He fumed, and frowned, and looked the picture of horror; then, with a fierce oath at his wife and sons, he firmly said—

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"Woman, hold your fool's tongue: begone, and send Emily to me this minute: stop, Mr. Julian,—no,—run up for your brother Charles, and come you all to me in the study. Instantly, sir! do as I bid you, without a word."

Julian would gladly have fought it out with his imperative father; but, nevertheless, it was a comfort to have to fetch pale Charles for a jobation; so he went at once. And the three young people, two of them trembling with affections overstrained, and the third indurated in effrontery, stood before that stern old man.

"Emily, child,"—and he added something in Hindostanee,—"have I been kind to you,—and do you owe me any love?"

"Dear, dear sir, how can you ask me that?" said the warm affectioned girl, falling on her knees in tears.

"Get up, sweet child, and hear me: you see those boys: as you love me, and yourself, and happiness, and honour,—dare not to think of either, one moment, as your husband."

Emily fainted; Charles staggered to assist

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her, though he wellnigh swooned himself; and Julian folded his arms with a resolute air, as waiting to hear what next.

But the General disappointed him: he had said his say: and, as volatile salts, a lady's maid, and all that sort of reinvigoration, seemed essential to Emily's recovery, he rung the bell forthwith: so the pleasant family party broke up without another word.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERY.

Our lovers would not have been praiseworthy, perhaps not human, had they not met in secret once and again. True, their regularly concerted studies were forbidden, and they never now might openly walk out unaccompanied: but love (who has not found this out?) is both daring and ingenious; and, notwithstanding all that Emily purposed about doing as the General so strangely bade her, they had many happy meetings, rich with many happy words: all the happier no doubt for their stolen sweetness.

There was one great and engrossing subject which often had employed their curiosity; who and what was Emily Warren? for the poor girl

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did not know herself. All she could guess, she told Charles, as he zealously cross-questioned her from time to time: and the result of his inquiries would appear to be as follows:—

Emily's earliest recollections were of great barbaric pomp; huge elephants richly caparisoned, mighty fans of peacock's tails, lines of matchlock men, tribes of jewelled servants, a gilded palace, with its gardens and fountains; plenty of rare gems to play with, and a splendid queenly woman, whom she called by the Hindoo name for mother. The General, too, was there among her first associations, as the gallant Captain Tracy, with his company of native troops.

Then an era happened in her life; a tearful leave-taking with that proud Princess, who scarcely would part with her for sorrow; but the Captain swore it should be so: and an old Scotchwoman, her nurse, she could remember, who told her as a child, but whether religiously or not she could not tell, "darling, come to me, when you wish to know who made you:" and then Mrs. Mackie went and spoke to the

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Princess, and soothed her, that she let the child depart peacefully. Most of her gorgeous jewellery dated from that earliest time of inexplicable oriental splendour.

After those infantine seven years the Captain took her with him to his station up the country, where she lived she knew not how long in a strong hillfort, one Puttymuddyfudgepoor, where there was a great deal of fighting, and besieging, and storming, and cannonading; but it ceased at last, and the Captain, who then soon successively became both Major and Colonel, always kept her in his own quarters, making her his little pet; and, after the fighting was all over, his brother officers would take her out hunting in their howdahs, and she had plenty of palanquin-bearers, sepoys, and servants at command; and, what was more, good nurse Mackie was her constant friend and attendant.

Time wore on, and many little incidents of Indian life occurred, which varied every day indeed, but still left nothing consequential behind them: there were tiger-hunts, and incursions of Scindian tribes, and Pindarree chieftains

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taken captive, and wounded soldiers brought into the hospital; and often had she and good nurse Mackie tended at the sick bedside. And the Colonel had the jungle fever, and would not let her go from his sight; so she caught the fever too, and through Heaven's mercy was recovered. And the Colonel was fonder of her now than ever, calling her his darling little child, and was proud to display her early-budding beauty to his military friends: pleasant sort of gentlemen, who gave her pretty presents.

Then she grew up into womanhood, and saw more than one fine uniform at her feet, but she did not comprehend those kindnesses: and the General (he was a General now) got into great passions with them, and stormed, and swore, and drove them all away. Nurse Mackie grew to be old, and sometimes asked her, "Can you keep a secret, child?—no, no, I dare not trust you yet; wait a wee, wait a wee, my bonnie bonnie bairn."

And now speedily came the end. The General resolved on returning to his own old

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shores: chiefly, as it seemed, to avoid the troublesome pertinacity of sundry suitors, who sought of him the hand of Emily Warren. For, by this name was she beginning to be called: in her earliest recollection, she was Amina; then at the hillfort, Emily, Emily, nothing for years but Emily: and as she grew to womanhood, the General bade her sign her name to notes, and leave her card at houses, as Emily Warren: why, or by what right, she never thought of asking. But nurse Mackie had hinted she might have had "a better name and a truer;" and therefore, she herself had asked the General what this hint might mean; and he was so angry that he discharged nurse Mackie at Madras, directly he arrived there to take ship for England.

Then, just before embarking, poor nurse Mackie came to her secretly, and said, "Child, I will trust you with a word; you are not what he thinks you." And she cried a great deal, and longed to come to England; but the General would not hear of it; so he pensioned her off, and left her at Madras, giving somebody strict orders not to let her follow him.

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Nevertheless, just as they were getting into the boat to cross the surf, the affectionate old soul ran out upon the strand, and called to her "Amy Stuart! Amy Stuart!" to the General's great amazement as clearly as her own; and she held up a packet in her hand as they were pushing off, and shouted after her, "Child, child! if you would have your rights, remember Jeanie Mackie!"

After that succeeded the monotony of a long sea voyage. The General at first seemed vexed about Mrs. Mackie, and often wished that he had asked her what she meant; however, his brow soon cleared, for he reflected that a discarded servant always tells falsehoods, if only to make her master mischief.

"The voyage over, Charles, with all its cards, quadrilles, doubling the cape, crossing the line, and the wearisome routine of sky and sea, the quarter-deck and cabin, we found ourselves at length in Plymouth Sound; left the Indiaman to go up channel; and I suppose the post-chaise may be consigned to your imagination."

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CHAPTER IX.

HOW TO CLEAR IT UP.

In all this there was mystery sufficient for a dozen lovers to have crazed their brains about. Emily might be a queen of the East, defrauded of hereditary glories, and at any rate deserved such rank, if Charles was to be judge; but, what was more important, if the General had any reason at all for his arbitrary mandate prohibiting their love, it was very possible that reason was a false one.

Meantime Charles had little now to live for except his dear forbidden Emily, any more than she for him. And to peace of mind in both, the elucidation of that mystery which hung about her birth, grew more needful day by day. At last one summer evening, when they had managed a quiet walk upon the sands

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under the Beacon cliff, Charles said abruptly, after some moments of abstraction, "Dearest, I am resolved."

"Resolved, Charles, what about?" and she felt quite alarmed; for her lover looked so stern, that she could not tell what was going to happen next.

"I'll clear it up, that I will; I only wish I had the money."

"Why, Charles, what in the world are you dreaming about? you frighten me, dearest; are you ill? don't look so serious, pray."

"Yes, Emily, I will; at once too. I'm off to Madras by next packet; or, that is to say, would if I could get my passage free."

"My noble Charles, if that were the only objection, I would get you all the means; for the kind, kind General suffers me to have whatever sums I choose to ask for. Only, Charles, indeed I cannot spare you; do not—do not go away and leave me; there's Julian, too,—don't leave me,—and you might never come back, and—and—" all the remainder was lost in sobbing.

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"No, my Emmy, we must not use the General's gold in doing what he might not wish; it would be ungenerous. I will try to get somebody to lend me what I want,—say Mrs. Sainsbury, or the Tamworths. And as for leaving you, my love, have no fears for me or for yourself; situated as we are, I take it as a duty to go and make you happier, setting you in your rights, whatever those may be; and for the rest, I leave you in His holy keeping who can preserve you alike in body, as in soul, from all things that would hurt you, and whose mercy will protect me in all perils, and bring me back to you in safety. This is my trust, Emmy."

"Dear Charles, you are always wiser and better than I am: let it be so then, my best of friends. Seek out good nurse Mackie, I can give you many clues, hear what she has to say; and may the God of your own poor fatherless Emily speed your holy mission! Yet there is one thing, Charles; ought you not to ask your parents for their leave to go? You are better skilled to judge than I can be, though."

"Emmy, whom have I to ask? my father?

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he cares not whither I go nor what becomes of me; I hardly know him, and for twenty years of my short life of twenty-one, scarcely believed in his existence; or should I ask my mother? alas, love! I wish I could persuade myself that she would wish me back if I were gone; moreover, how can I respect her judgment, or be guided by her counsel, whose constant aim has been to thwart my feeble efforts after truth and wisdom, and to pamper all ill growths in my unhappy brother Julian? No, Emily, I am a man now, and take my own advice; if a parent forbade me, indeed, and reasonably, it would be fit to acquiesce; but knowing, as I have sad cause to know, that none but you, my love, will be sorry for my absence, as for your sake alone that absence is designed, I need take counsel only of us who are here present,—your own sweet eyes, myself, and God, who seeth us."

"True, most true, dear Charles; I knew that you judged rightly."

"Moreover, Emmy, secresy is needful for the due fulfilment of my purpose." (Charles

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little thought how congenial to his nature was that same secresy.) "None but you must know where I am, or whither I am gone. For if there really is any mystery which the General would conceal from us, be assured he both could and would frustrate all my efforts if he knew of my design. The same ship that carried me out would convey an emissary from him, and nurse Mackie never could be found by me. I must go then secretly, and, for our peace sake, soon; how dear to me that embassy will be, entirely undertaken in my darling Emmy's cause!"

"But—but, Charles, what if Julian, in your absence—"

"Hark, my own betrothed! while I am near you,—and I say it not of threat, but as in the sight of One who has privileged me to be your just protector,—you are safe from any serious vexation: and the moment I am gone, fly to my father, tell him openly your fears, and he will scatter Julian's insolence to the winds of heaven."

"Thank you, thank you, wise dear Charles;

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you have lifted a load from my poor weak woman's heart, that had weighed it down too heavily. I will trust in God more, and dread Julian less. Oh! how I will pray for you when far away."

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CHAPTER X.

AUNT GREEN'S LEGACY.

At last — at last, Mrs. Green fell ill, and, hard upon the over-ripe age of eighty-seven, seemed likely to drop into the grave: to the unspeakable delight of her expectant relatives. Sooth to say, niece Jane, the soured and long-waiting legatee, had now for years been treating the poor old woman very scurvily: she had lived too long, and had grown to be a burden; notwithstanding that her ample income still keep on the house, and enabled the General to nurse his own East India Bonds right comfortably. But still the old aunt would not die, and as they sought not her, but her's (quite contrary to St. Paul's disinterestedness), she was looked upon in the light of an incum-

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brance, on her own property and in her own house. Mrs. Tracy longed to throw off the yoke of dependence, and made small secret of her hatred of the fetter: for the old woman grew so deaf and blind, that there could be no risk at all either in speaking one's mind, or in thoroughly neglecting her.

However, now that the harvest of hope appeared so near, the legatee renewed her old attentions: Death was a guest so very welcome to the house, that it is no wonder his arrival was hourly expected with buoyant cheerfulness, and a something in the mask of kindliness: but I suspect that lamb-skin concealed a very wolf. So, Mrs. Tracy tenderly enquired of the doctor, and the doctor shook his head; and other doctors came to help, and shook their heads together. The patient still grew worse: O brightening prospect: though, now and then, a cordial draught seemed to revive her so alarmingly, that Mrs. Tracy, affectionately urging that the stimulants would be too exciting for the poor dear sufferer's nerves, induced Dr. Graves to discontinue them. Then, those fear-

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ful scintillations in her lamp of life grew fortunately duller, and the nurse was by her bedside night and day; and the old aunt became more and more peevish, and was more and more spoken of by the Tracy family,—in her possible hearing, as "that dear old soul,"—out of it, "that vile old witch."

Charles, to be sure, was an exception in all this, as he ever was: for he took on him the christian office of reading many prayers to the poor decaying creature, and, (only that his father would not hear of such a thing,) desired to have got the vicar to assist him. Emily also, full of sympathy, and disinterested care, would watch the fretful patient, hour after hour, in those long dull nights of pain; and the poor old perishing sinner loved her coming, for she spoke to her the words of hope and resignation. Whether that sweet missionary, scarcely yet a convert from her own dark creed—(Alas! the Amina had offered unto Juggernaut, and Emily of the strong hill-fort had scarcely heard of any Truer God; and the fair girl was a woman-grown before, in her first

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earthly love, she also came to know the mercies Heaven has in store for us,) whether unto any lasting use she prayed and reasoned with that hard dried heart, none but the Omniscient can tell. Let us hope: let us hope; for the fretful voice was stilled, and the cloudy forehead brightened, and the haggard eyes looked cheerfully to meet the inevitable stroke of death. Thus in wisdom and in charity, in patience and in faith, that gentle pair of lovers comforted the dying soul.

However, days rolled away, and Aunt Green lingered on still, tenaciously clinging unto life: until one morning early, she felt so much better, that she insisted on being propped up by pillows, and seeing all the household round her bed to speak to them. So up came every one, in no small hope of legacies, and what the lawyers call "donationes mortis causâ."

The General was at her bed's-head, with, I am ashamed to say, perhaps unconsciously, a countenance more ridiculous than lugubrious; though he tried to subdue the buoyancy of hope, and to put on looks of decent mourning:

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on the other side, the long-expectant legatee, niece Jane, prudently concealed her questionable grief behind a scented pocket-handkerchief. Julian held somewhat aloof, for the scene was too depressing for his taste; so he affected to read a prayer-book, wrong way up, with his tongue in his cheek: Charles, deeply solemnized at the near approach of death, knelt at the poor invalid's bedside; and Emily stood by, leaning over her, suffused in tears. At the further corners of the bed, might be seen an old servant or two; and Mrs. Green's butler and coachman, each a forty years' fixture, presented their grey heads at the bottom of the room, and really looked exceedingly concerned.

Mrs. Green addressed them first, in her feeble broken manner: "Grant,—and John,—good, and faithful,—thank you, thank you both; and you too, kind Mrs. Lloyd, and Sally, and Nurse,—What's-your-name: give them the packets, Nurse,—all marked,—first drawer, desk: there, there,—God bless you—good,—faithful."

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The old servants, full of sorrow at her approaching loss, were comforted too: for a kind word, and a hundred pound note apiece, made amends for much bereavement: the sick-nurse found her gift was just a tithe of their's, and recognised the difference-both just and kind.

"Niece Jane,—you 've waited—long—for—this day: my will—rewards you."

"O dear, dear aunt, pray don't talk so; you 'll recover yet, pray, pray don't:" she pretended to drown the rest in sorrow, but winked at her husband over the handkerchief.

"Julian;" the precious youth attempted to look miserable, and came as called: "you will find—I have remembered—you, Julian." So he winked, too, at his mother, and tried to blubber out a "thank you."

"Charles, where 's Charles? give me your hand, Charles dear,—let me feel your face: here, Charles,—a little pocket-book,—good lad,—good lad. There 's Emily, too,—dear child, she came—too late,—I forgot her, I forgot her! General,—give her half,—half—if you love—love—Emi—"

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All at once her jaw dropped; her eyes, which had till now been preternaturally bright, filmed over; her head fell back upon the pillow; and the rich old aunt was dead.

Julian gave a shout that might have scared the parting spirit!

Really, the General was shocked, and Mrs. Tracy too; and the servants murmured "shame, shame!" poor Charles hid his face; Emily looked up indignantly; but Julian asked, with an oath, "Where's the good of being hypocrites?" and then added, "now, mother, let us find the will."

Then the nurse went to close the dim glazed eyes;—and the other sorrowing domestics slunk away; and Charles led Emily out of the chamber of death, saddened and shocked at such indecent haste.

Meanwhile, the hopeful trio rummaged every drawer,—tumbled out the mingled contents of boxes, desk, and escritoire;—still, no will, no will: and at last the nurse, who more than once had muttered, "Shame on you all," beneath her breath, said,—

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"If you want the will, it's under her pillow: but don't disturb her yet, poor thing."

Julian's rude hand has already thrust aside the lifeless yielding head, and clutched the will: the father and mother,—though humbled and wonder-stricken at his daring,—gathered round him; and he read aloud, boldly and steadily to the end, though with scowling brow, and many curses interjectional.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Constance Green, make this my last will and testament. Forasmuch as my niece, Jane Tracy, has watched and waited for my death these two and twenty years, I leave her all the shoes, slippers, and goloshes, whereof I may happen to die possessed: item, I leave Julian, her son, my 'Whole Duty of Man,' convinced that he is deficient in it all: item, I confirm all the gifts which I intend to make upon my death-bed: item, forasmuch as General Tracy, my niece's husband, on his return from abroad, greeted me with much affection, I bequeath and give to him five thousand pound's worth of Exchequer bills, now in my banker's hands;

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and appoint him my sole executor. As to my landed property, it will all go, in course of law, to my heir, Samuel Hayley, and may he and his long enjoy it. And as to all the remainder of my personal effects, including nine thousand pounds Bank stock, my Dutch fives, and other matters, whereof I may die possessed (seeing that my relatives are rich enough without my help), I give and bequeath the same, subject as hereinbefore stated, to the trustees, for the time being, of the Westminster Lying-in Hospital, in trust, for the purposes of that charitable institution. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 13th day of May, 1840.

"CONSTANCE GREEN."

"Duly signed, sealed, and delivered:—d—nation!" was Julian's brief epilogue;—"General, let's burn it."

"You can, if you please, Mr. Julian," interposed the nurse, who had secretly enjoyed all this, "and if you like to take the consequences; but, as each of the three witnesses has the will sealed up in copy, and the poor

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deceased there took pains to sign them all, perhaps—"

This settled the affair: and the discomfited expectants made a precipitate retreat. As the General, however, got vastly more than he expected, for his individual merits; and seeing that he loved Emily as much as he hated both Julian and the wife, he really felt well-pleased upon the whole, and took on him the duties of executor with cheerfulness. So they buried aunt Green as soon as might be.

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CHAPTER XI.

PREPARATIONS, AND DEPARTURE.

CHARLES's pocket-book was full of clean bank notes, fifteen hundred pound's worth: it contained also a diamond ring, and a lock of silvery hair; the latter a proof of affectionate sentiment in the kind old soul, that touched him at the heart.

"And now, my Emmy, the way is clear to us; Providence has sent me this, that I may right you, dearest: and it will be wise in us to say nothing of our plans. Avoid enquiries, —for I did not say conceal or falsify facts: but, while none but you, love, heed of my departure, and whilst I go for our sakes alone, we need not invite disappointment by open-mouthed publicity. To those who love me,

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Emmy, I am frank and free; but with those who love us not, there is a wisdom, and a justice, in concealment. They do not deserve confidence, who will not extend to us their sympathy. None but yourself must know whither I am bound; and, after some little search for curiosity's sake, when a week is past and gone, no soul will care for me of those at home. With you, I will manage to communicate by post, directing my letters to Mrs. Sainsbury, at Oxton: I will prepare her for it. She knows my love for you, and how they try to thwart us: but even she, however trustworthy, need not be told my destination yet awhile, until 'India' appears upon the postmark. How glad will you be, dearest one, how happy in our secret,—to read my heart's own thoughts, when I am far away, far away, clearing up mine Emmy's cares, and telling her how blest I feel in ministering to her happiness!"

Such was the substance of their talk, while counting out the pocket-book.

Charles's remaining preparations were sim-

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ple enough, now his purse was flush of money: he resolved upon taking from his home no luggage whatever: preferring to order down, from an outfitting house in London, a regular kit of cadet's necessaries, to wait for him at the Europe Hotel, Plymouth, on a certain day in the ensuing week. So that, burdened only with his Emily's miniature, and his pocket-book of bank notes, he might depart quietly some evening, get to Plymouth in a preconcerted way, by chaise or coach, before the morrow morning; thence, a boat to meet the ship off-shore, and then hey, for the Indies!

It was as well-devised a scheme as could possibly be planned: though its secresy, especially with a mother in the case, may be a moot point as to the abstract moral thereof: nevertheless, concretely, the only heart his so mysterious absence would have pained was made aware of all: then, again, secresy had been the atmosphere of his daily life, the breath of his education; and he too sorely knew his mother would rejoice at the departure, and Julian, too,—all the more certainly, as both brothers were now

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rivals professed, for the hand of Emily Warren: as to the General, he might, or he might not, smoke an extra cheroot in the excitement of his wonder; and if he cared about it anyways more tragically than tobacco might betray, Emily knew how to comfort him.

With respect to other arrangements, Emmy furnished Charles with letters to certain useful people at Madras, and in particular to the "somebody" who looked after Mrs. Mackie: so, the mystery was easy of access, and he doubted not of overcoming, on the spot, every unseen difficulty. The plan of leaving all luggage behind, a capital idea, would enable him to go forth freely and unshackled, with an ordinary air, in hat, and great coat, as for an evening's walk; and was quite in keeping with the natural reserve of his whole character,—a bad habit of secresy, which he probably inherited from his father, the lieutenant of old times. And yet, for all the wisdom, and mystery, and shrewd settling of the plan, its accomplishment was as nearly as possible most fatally defeated.

The important evening arrived; for the

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Indiaman—it was our old friend Sir William Elphinston, — would be off Plymouth, next morning: the goods had been, for a day or two, safely deposited at the Europe, as per invoice, all paid: the lovers, in this last, this happiest, yet by far the saddest of their stolen interviews, had exchanged vows and kisses, and upon the beach, beneath those friendly cliffs, had commended one another to their Father in Heaven. They had returned to the unsocial circle of home; all was fixed; the clock struck nine: and Charles, accidentally squeezing Emily's hand, rose to leave the tea-table.

"Where are you going, Mr. Charles?"

"I am going out, Julian."

"Thank you, sir! I knew that, but whither? General, I say, here 's Charles going to serenade somebody by moonlight."

The brandy-sodden parent, scarcely conscious, said something about his Infernal Majesty; and, "What then? let him go,—can't you?"

"Well, Julian dear, perhaps your brother will not mind you going with him; particularly as Emily stays at home with me."

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This Mrs. Tracy spoke archly, intended as a hint to induce Julian to remain: but he had other thoughts,—and simply said, in an ill-tempered tone of voice, "Done, Charles."

It was a dilemma for our escaping hero; but glancing a last look at Emily, he departed, and walked on some way as quietly as might be with Julian by his side: thinking, perhaps, he would soon be tired; and suffering him to fancy, if he would, that Charles was bound either on some amorous pilgrimage, or some charitable mission. But they left Burleigh behind them,—and got upon the common,—and passed it by, far out of sight and out of hearing,—and were skirting the high banks of the darkly-flowing Mullet,—and still there was Julian sullenly beside him. In vain Charles had tried, by many gentle words, to draw him into common conversation; Julian would not speak, or only gave utterance to some hinted phrase of insult: his brow was even darker than usual, and night was coming on apace, and he still tramped steadily along, beside his brother, digging his sturdy stick into the clay, for

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very spite's sake. At length, as they yet walked along the river's side in that unfrequented place, Julian said, on a sudden, in a low strange tone, as if keeping down some rising rage within him,

"Mr. Charles, you love Emily Warren."

"Well, Julian, and who can help loving her?"

It was innocently said; but still a maddening answer, for he loved her too.

"And, sirrah," the brother hoarsely added: "she,—she does not,—does not—hate you, sir, as I do."

"My good Julian, pray do not be so violent; I cannot help it if the dear girl loves me."

"But I can though," roared Julian with an oath, and lifted up his stick,—it was nearer like a club,—to strike his brother.

"Julian, Julian, what are you about? Good heavens! you would not,—you dare not,—give over,—unhand me, brother; what have I done that you should strike me? Oh! leave me,—leave me,—pray."

"Leave you? I will leave you," the villain

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almost shouted, and smote him to the ground with his lead-loaded stick. It was a blow that must have killed him, but for the interposing hat, now battered down upon his bleeding head. Charles, at length thoroughly aroused, though his foe must be a brother, struggled with unusual strength in self-preserving instinct, wrested the club from Julian's hand, and stood on the defensive.

Julian was staggered: and, after a moment's irresolution, drawing a pistol from his pocket, said, in a terribly calm voice,

"Now, sir! I have looked for such a meeting many days,—alone, by night, with you! I would not willingly draw trigger, for the noise might bring down other folks upon us, out of Oxton yonder: but, drop that stick, or I fire."

Charles was noble enough, without another word, to fling the club into the river: it was not fear of harm, but fear of sin, that made him trust himself defenceless to a brother, a twin brother, in the dark: he could not be so base, a murderer, a fratricide! Oh! most unhallowed thought! Save him from this crime, good

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God! Then, instantaneously reflecting, and believing he decided for the best, when he saw the ruffian glaring on him with exulting looks, as upon an unarmed rival at his mercy, with no man near to stay the deed, and none but God to see it, Charles resolved to seek safety from so terrible a death in flight.

Oxton was within one mile: and clearly, this was not like flying from danger as a coward, but fleeing from attempted crime, as a brother and a Christian. Julian snatched at him to catch him as he passed; and, failing in this, rushed after him. It was a race for life! and they went like the wind, for two hundred yards, along that muddy high-banked walk.

Suddenly, Charles slipped upon the clay, that he fell; and Julian, with a savage howl, leapt upon him heavily.

Poor youth, he knew that death was nigh, and only uttered, "God forgive you, brother; Oh! spare me,—or if not me, spare yourself,—Julian, Julian!"

But the monster was determined. Exerting the whole force of his herculean frame, he

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seized his scarce-resisting victim as he lay, and, lifting him up like a child, flung his own twin brother head foremost into that darkly flowing current!

There was one piercing cry,—a splash,—a struggle; and again nothing broke upon the silent night, but the murmur of that swingeing tide, as the Mullet hurried eddying to the sea.

Julian listened a minute or two, flung some stones at random into the river, and then hastily ran back to Burleigh, feeling like a Cain.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE.

But, the overruling hand of Him, whose aid that victim had invoked, was now stretched forth to save! and the strong-flowing tide, that ran too rapidly for Charles to sink in it, was commissioned from on High to carry him into an angle of that tortuous stream, where he clung by instinct to the bushes. Silence was his wisdom, while the murderer was near: and so long as Julian's footsteps echoed on the banks, Charles stirred not, spoke not, but only silently thanked God for his wonderful deliverance. However, the footsteps quickly died away, though heard far off clattering amid the still and listening night; and Charles, thankfully, no less than cautiously, drew himself out

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of the stream, very little harmed beyond a drenching: for the waters had recovered him at once from the effects of that desperate blow.

It was with a sense of exultation, freedom, independence, that he now hastened scatheless on his way; dripping garments mattered nothing, nor mud, nor the loss of his demolished hat: the pocket-book was safe, and Emmy's portrait, (how he kissed it, then!) and luckily a travelling cap was in his greatcoat pocket: so with a most buoyant feeling of animal delight, as well as of religious gratitude, he sped merrily once more upon his secret expedition. Thank heaven! Emmy could not know the peril he had past: and wretched Julian would now have dreadful reason of his own for this mysterious absence: and it was a pleasant thing to trudge along so freely in the starlight on the private embassy of love. Happy Charles! I know not if ever more exhilarated feelings blessed the youth; they made him trip along the silent road, in a gush of joyfulness, at the rate of some six miles an hour; I know not if ever, such delicious thoughts of Emily's attachment,

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and those gorgeous mysteries in India, of adventure, enterprise, escape, had heretofore caused his heart to bound so lightsomely within him, like some elastic spring. I know not if ever stronger reliance upon Providential care, more earnest prayers, praises, intercessions (for poor Julian, too,) were offered on the altar of his soul: happy Charles!

So he went on and on—long past Oxton, and Eyemouth, and Surbiton, and over the ferry, and through the sleeping turnpikes, and past the bridge, and along the broad high-road, until grey morning's dawn revealed the suburbs of Plymouth.

Of course he missed the mail by which he had intended to have gone,—for Julian's dread act delayed him.

Long before his journey's end, his clothes were thoroughly dried, and violent exercise had shaken off all possible rheumatic consequence of that fearful plunge beneath the waters: five and twenty miles in four hours and three quarters, is a tolerable recipe for those who have tumbled into rivers. We must re-

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collect that he had gone as quick as he could, for fear of being late, now the coach had passed. At a little country inn, he brushed, and washed, and made toilet as well as he was able, took a glass of good Cognac both hot and strong; and felt more of a man than ever.

Then, having loitered awhile and well remembered Emily in his prayers, at about eight in the morning he presented himself amongst his luggage at the Europe in gentlemanly trim, and soon got all on board the pilot boat, to meet the Indiaman just outside the breakwater. We may safely leave him there, happy, hopeful Charles! Sanguine for the future, exulting in the present, and thankful for the past: already has he poured out all his joys before that Friend who loves her too, and invoked His blessing on a scheme so well designed, so providentially accomplished.

I had almost forgotten Julian: wretched, hardened man, and how fared he? The moment he had flung his brother into that dark stream, and the waters closed above him greedily that he was gone,—gone for ever, he first threw

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in stones to make a noise like life upon the stream, but that cheatery was only for an instant: he was alone, a murderer, alone! the horrors of silence, solitude, and guilt, seized upon him like three furies: so his quick retreating walk became a running; and the running soon was wild and swift for fear; and ever as he ran, that piercing scream came upon the wind behind, and hooted him: his head swam, his eyes saw terrible sights, his ears heard terrible sounds,—and he scoured into quiet sleeping Burleigh like a madman. However, by some strange good luck, not even did the slumbering watchman see him: so he got indoors as usual with the latch key (it was not the first time he had been out at night), crept up quietly, and hid himself in his own chamber.

And how did he spend those hours of guilty solitude? in terrors? in remorse? in misery? Not he: Julian was too wise to sit and think, and in the dark too; but he lit both reading lamps to keep away the gloom, and smoked and drank till morning's dawn to stupify his conscience.

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Then, to make it seem all right, he went down to breakfast as usual, though anything but sober, and met unflinchingly his mother's natural question,

"Good morning, Julian,—where's Charles?"

"How should I know, mother; isn't he up yet?"

"No, my dear; and what is more, I doubt if he came home last night."

"Hollo, Master Charles; pretty doings these, Mr. Sabbath teacher; so he slept out, ey, mother?"

"I don't know,—but where did you leave him, Julian?"

"Who, I? did I go out with him? Oh! yes, now I recollect: let's see, we strolled together midway to Oxton, and, as he was going somewhat further, there I left him."

How true the words, and yet how terribly false their meaning!

"Dear me, that's very odd, isn't it, General?"

"Not at all, ma'am, not at all; leave the lad alone, he'll be back by dinner-time: I didn't think the boy had so much spirit."

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Emily, to whom the General's hint was greek, looked up cheerfully; and in her own glad mind chuckled at her Charles's bold adventure.

But the day passed off, and they sent out men to seek for him: and another,—and all Burleigh was astir: and another,—and the coast guards from Lyme to Plymouth Sound, searched every hole and corner: and another, —when his mother wept five minutes: and another,—when the wonder was forgotten.

However, they did not put on mourning for the truant: he might turn up yet: perhaps he was at Oxford.

Emily had not much to do in comforting the General for his dear son's loss; it clearly was a gain to him, and he felt far freer than when wisdom's eye was on him. Charles had been too keen for father, mother, and brother; too good, too amiable: he saw their ill, condemned it by his life, and shewed their dark too black against his brightness. The unnatural deficiency of mother's love had not been overrated: Julian had all her heart; and she felt only obliged to the decamping Charles for leaving

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Emily so free and clear to his delightful brother. She never thought him dead: death was a repulsive notion at all times to her: no doubt he would turn up again some day. And Julian joked with her about that musty proverb "a bad penny."

As to our dear heroine, she never felt so happy in all her life before as now, even when her Charles had been beside her; for within a day of his departure he had written her a note full of affection, hope, and gladness; assuring her of his health, and wealth, and safe arrival on board the Indiaman. The noble-hearted youth never said one single word about his brother's crime: but he did warn his Emmy to keep close beside the General. This note she got through Mrs. Sainsbury; that invalid lady at Oxton, who never troubled herself to ask or hear one word beyond her own little world, a certain physic-corner-cupboard.

And thou, poor miserable man, thou fratricide in mind, and to thy best belief in act, how drags on now the burden of thy life? For a day or two, spirits and segars muddled

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his brain, and so kept thoughts away: but within a while they came on him too piercingly, and Julian writhed beneath those scorpion stings of hot and keen remorse: and when the coast-guards dragged the Mullet, how that caitiff trembled! and when nothing could be found, how he wondered fearingly! The only thing the wretched man could do, was to loiter, day after day, and all day long, upon that same high path which skirts the tortuous stream. Fascinated there by hideous recollections, he could not leave the spot for hours: and his soft-headed romantic mother, noticing these deep abstractions, blessed him, for her Julian was now in love with Emily!

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CHAPTER XIII.

NEWS OF CHARLES.

Ay, — in love with Emily! Fiercely now did Julian pour his thoughts that way; if only hoping to forget murder in another strong excitement. Julian listened to his mother's counsels; and that silly cheated woman playfully would lean upon his arm, like a huge coy confidante, and fill his greedy ears, (that heard her gladly for very holiday's sake from fearful apprehensions,) with lover's hopes, lover's themes, his Emily's perfection. Delighted mother, how proud and pleased was she! quite in her own element, fanning dear Julian's most sentimental flame, and scheming for him interviews with Emily.

It required all her skill: for the girl clung

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closely to her guardian: he, unconscious Argus, never tired of her company; and she, remembering dear Charles's hint, and dreading to be left alone with Julian, would persist to sit day after day at her books, music, or needlework in the study, charming General Tracy by her pretty Hindoo songs. With him she walked out, and with him she came in; she would read to him for hours, whether he snored or listened; and, really, both mother and son were several long weeks before their scheming could come to anything. A *tête-à-tête* between Julian and Emily appeared as impossible to manage, as collision between Jupiter and Vesta.

However, after some six weeks of this sort of mining and counter-mining, (for Emily divined their wishes,) all on a sudden one morning the General received a letter that demanded his immediate presence for a day or two in town; something about prize-money at Puttymuddyfudgepoor. Emily was too high-spirited, too delicate in mind, to tell her guardian of fears which never might be realized; and so,

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with some forebodings, but a cheerful trust, too, in a Providence above her, she saw the General off without a word, though not without a tear; he too, that stern close man, was moved: it was strange to see them love each other so.

The moment he was gone, she discreetly kept her chamber for the day, on plea of sickness; she had cried very heartily to see him leave her,—he had never yet left her once since she could recollect,—and thus she really had a headache, and a bad one.

Next morning, she would gladly have found any just excuse for absence from the breakfast-table, fever, smallpox, cholera, anything: for Julian's attentions were more dreaded than them all. But she was quite recovered now, and a ship-letter, that morning arrived from Charles, all well, and merrily bounding over the salt sea, had put her in such high spirits, that, with something of just pride and matronly fortitude, she determined to confront Mrs. Tracy and her son. Verily, her frank and cheerly trustfulness quite staggered the

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conspiring pair: for Emily had been strengthened by prayerful trust towards God, and felt happy in her well-requited love.

She was the first to speak. "Good-morrow, Mrs. Tracy; how do you do, Julian? I am afraid to say, you don't look quite so well as usual."

Indeed he did not; for ghastly fears racked him, and unsatisfied desires: he was pale, wasted, miserable. So he awkwardly answered her address with a common "how d'ye do?"

"Julian has lost his spirits lately very much, my dear: I dare say you can guess the cause?" As if either of them could!

"The cause, Mrs. Tracy? I am sure I cannot; at least," she added somewhat mischievously, "unless he is anxious about Charles."

"What about Charles?" hurriedly asked Julian in a wild and nervous way.

"Why, we all know he is missing, don't we, Julian? and has been for these six weeks: I am sure it does you credit to seem so altered since he went."

"Went? whither?" earnestly asked the mo-

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ther, who really had begun to find out that she loved her now lost child: "whither, dearest Emily; oh, do you know? do you know? tell me, tell me."

To Emily's great surprise, Mrs. Tracy shed real tears of evident affection and sorrow; though a silly and a weak one, she was a mother still, and Charles a son, although too good for her.

Accordingly Emily, in the fulness of her sympathy, and with some natural exultation of spirits now that Charles had got a fair start, (he was at the Cape by this time,) gaily answered,

"Dear Mrs. Tracy, I rejoice to be able to assure you, that you need not entertain a fear or doubt of Charles's welfare; though I am a woman, I can keep a secret you see;" the dear girl was blabbing it all the while, quite unconscious of her contradiction; "Charles is gone to India to find out who I am, and I heard from him this morning,—all well at St. Helena!"

Julian Tracy gave such a start, that he

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knocked over a cheffonier of rare china and glass standing at his elbow; and the smash of mandarins and porcelain gods would have been enough, at any other time, to have driven his mother crazy.

"Charles alive?" shouted he.

"Yes, Julian, why not? You saw him off you know: cannot you remember?"

Now to that guilty wretch's mind the fearful notion instantaneously occurred, that Emily Warren was in some strange wild way bantering him; she knew his dreadful secret,—"he *had* seen him off." He trembled like an aspen as she looked on him.

"Oh yes, he remembered, certainly; but—but where was her letter?"

"Never mind that, Julian; you surely would not read another person's letters, Monsieur le Chevalier Bayard?"

Emily was as gay at heart that morning as a skylark, and her innocent pleasantry proved her strongest shield. Julian dared not ask to see the letter,—scarcely dared to hope she had one, and yet did not know what to think. As

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to any love scene now it was quite out of the question, notwithstanding all his mother's hints and management; a new exciting thought entirely filled him: was he a Cain, a fratricide, or not? was Charles alive after all? And, for once in his life, Julian had some repentant feelings; for thrilling hope was nigh to cheer his gloom.

It really seemed as if Emily, sweet innocent, could read his inmost thoughts; "At any rate," observed she playfully, "Bayard may take the postman's privilege, and see the outside."

With that she produced the ship letter that had put her in such spirits, legibly dated some twenty-two days ago. Yes, Charles's hand, sure enough! Julian could swear to it among a thousand. And he fainted dead away.

What an astonishing event! how Mrs. Tracy praised her noble spirited boy! How the bells rang! and hot water, and cold water, and salts, and rubbings, and eau de cologne, and all manner of delicate attentions, long sustained, at length contributed to Julian's restoration.

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Moreover, even Emily was agreeably surprised; she had never seen him in so amiable a light before; this was all feeling, all affection for his brother, her dear, dear Charles. And when Mrs. Tracy heard what Emily said of Julian's feeling heart, she became positively triumphant; not half so much at Charles's safety, and all that, as at Julian's burst of feeling. She was quite right, after all; he was worthy to be her favourite, and she felt both flattered and obliged to him for fainting dead away. "Yes, yes, my dear Miss Warren, depend upon it Julian has fine feelings, and a good heart." And Emily began to condemn both Charles and herself for lack of charity, and to think so too.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE TETE-A-TETE.

No sooner had "dear Julian" recovered, which he really had not quite accomplished until the day had begun to wear away (so great a shock had that intelligence of Charles been to his guilty mind), than the gratified and prudent mother fancied this a famous opportunity to leave the young couple to themselves. It was after dinner, when they had retired to the drawing-room; and I will say that Emily had never seemed so favourably disposed towards that rough but generous heart before. So then, on some significant pretence, well satisfied her favourite was himself again, as bold, and black, and boisterous as ever, the masculine mother kissed her hand to them, as a fat

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fairy might be supposed to do, and operatically tripped away, coyly bidding Emily "take care of Julian till she could come back again."

The momentary gleam of good which glanced across that bad man's heart has faded away hours ago; his repentant thoughts had been occasioned more from the sudden relief he experienced at running now no risks for having murdered, than for any better feeling towards his brother, or any humbler notions of himself. Nay, a strong reaction occurred in his ideas the moment he had seen his brother's writing; and when he fainted, he fainted from the struggle in his mind of manifold exciting causes, such as these;—hatred, jealousy, what he called love, though a lower name befitted it, and vexation that his brother was—not dead. Oh mother, mother, if your poor weak head had but been wise enough to read that heart, would you still have loved it as you do? Alas,—it is a deep lesson in human nature this,—she would! for Mrs. General Tracy was one of those obstinate yet superficial characters whom no reason can convince that they are wrong, no

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power can oblige to confess themselves mistaken. She rejoiced to hear him called "her very image;" and predominant vanity in the large coquette extended to herself at second-hand: self was her idol substance, and its delightful shadow was this mother's son.

The moment Mrs. Tracy left the room, Julian perceived his opportunity: Charles, detested rival, far away at sea; the guardian gone to London; Emily in an unusual flow of affability and kindness, and he—alone with her. Rashly did he bask his soul in her delicious beauty, deliberately drinking deep of that intoxicating draught. Giving the rein to passion, he suffered that tumultuous steed to hurry him whither it would, in mad unbridled course. He sat so long silently gazing at her with the lack-lustre eyes of low and dull desire, that Emily, quite thrown off her guard by that amiable fainting for his brother, addressed him in her innocent kind-heartedness,

"Are you not recovered yet, dear Julian?"

The effect was instantaneous: scarcely crediting his ears that heard her call him "dear,"

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his eyes, that saw her winning smile upon him, he started from his chair, and trembling with agitation, flung himself at her feet, to Emily's unqualified astonishment.

"Why, Julian, what's the matter?—unhand me, sir! let go!" for he had got hold of her wrist.

The passionate youth seized her hand,—that one with Charles's ring upon it,—and would have kissed it wildly with polluting lips, had she not shrieked suddenly "Help! help!"

Instantly his other hand was roughly dashed upon her mouth,—so roughly that it almost knocked her backwards,—and the blood flowed from her wounded lip; but, by a preternatural effort, the indignant Indian queen hurled the ruffian from her, flew to the bell, and kept on ringing violently.

In less than half a minute all the household was around her, headed by the startled Mrs. Tracy, who had all the while been listening in the other drawing-room: butler, footmen, housemaids, ladies'-maids, cook, scullions, and all rushed in, thinking the house was on fire.

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No need to explain by a word. Emily, radiant in imperial charms, stood, like inspired Cassandra, flashing indignation from her eyes at the cowering caitiff on the floor. The mother, turning all manner of colours, dropped on her knees to "poor Julian's" assistance, affecting to believe him taken ill. But Emily Warren, whose insulted pride vouchsafed not a word to that guilty couple, soon undeceived all parties, by addressing the butler in a voice tremulous and broken,—

"Mr. Saunders,—be so good—as to go—to Sir Abraham's Tamworth's,—in the square,—and request of him—a night's—protection—for a poor,—defenceless, insulted woman!"

She could hardly utter the last words for choking tears: but, immediately battling down her feelings, added, with the calmness of a heroine,—

"You are a father, Mr. Saunders,—set all this before Sir Abraham strongly, but delicately."

"Footmen! so long as that wretch is in the room, protect me, as you are men."

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And the stately beauty placed herself between the two liveried lacqueys, as Zenobia in the middle of her guards.

"Marguerite!"—the pretty little Francaise tripped up to her,—"wipe this blood from my face."

Beautiful, insulted creature; I thought that I looked upon some wounded Boadicea, with her daughters extracting the arrow from her cheek.

"And now, kind Charlotte, fetch my cloak; and follow me to Prospect House, with what I may require for the night. Till the General's return, I stay not here one minute."

Then, without a syllable, or look of leave-taking, the wise and noble girl,—doubtless unconsciously remembering her early Hindoo braveries, the lines of match-lock men, the bowing slaves, the processions, and her jewelled state of old,—marched away in magnificent beauty, accompanied in silence by the whole astonished household.

Mrs. Tracy and her son were left alone: the silly, silly mother thought him "hardly used."

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Julian, whose natural effrontery had entirely deserted him, looked like what he was,—a guilty coward: and the mother, who had pampered up her "fine high-spirited son" to his full-grown criminality by a foolish education, really,—when she had time to think of anything but him,—was excessively frightened. The General would be back to-morrow, and then,—and then—! she dreaded to picture that explosion of his wrath.

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CHAPTER XV.

SATISFACTION.

Sir Abraham Tamworth, G.C.B., — a fine old Admiral of the White, who somewhat looked down upon the rank of General, H. E. I. C. S., — was astonished, as well he might be, at Mr. Saunders, and his message: and, of course, most gladly acquiesced in acting as poor Emily's protector. Accordingly, however jealous Lady Tamworth and her daughters might heretofore have felt of that bright beauty at the balls, they were now all genuine sympathy, indignation, and affection. Emily, I need hardly say, went straight up stairs to have her cry out.

"Whom are you writing to, George, in such a hurry?" asked the Admiral, of a fine mous-

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tachioed son, George St. Vincent Tamworth, of the Royal Horse Guards, who had just got six month's leave of absence for the sake of marriage with his cousin.

The gallant soldier tossed a billet to his father, — who mounted his spectacles, and quietly read it at the lamp.

"Captain Tamworth desires Mr. Julian Tracy's company to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, in the third meadow on the Oxton Road. The Captain brings a friend with him; also pistols and a surgeon; and he desires Mr. Tracy to do the like. Prospect House. — Thursday evening."

"So, George, you consider him a gentleman, do you? I am afraid it's a poor compliment that to our fair young friend." And he quietly crumpled up the challenge in his iron hand.

"Really, sir! — you surprise me; — pardon me, but I will send that note: mustn't I chastise the fellow for this insufferable outrage?"

"No doubt, George, no doubt of it at all: when a lady is insulted, and a man (not to say

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a Queen's officer) stands by without taking notice of it, he deserves whipping at the cart's-tail, and Coventry for life. I've no patience, boy, with such mean meekness, as putting up with bullying insolence when a woman's in the case. Let a man shew moral courage, if he can and will, in his own affront; I honour him who turns on his heel from common personal insult, and only wish my own old blood was cool enough to do so: but the mother, wife, and sister, ay, George, and the poor defenceless one, be she lady, peasant, or menial, who comes to us for safety in a woman's dress, we must take up their quarrel, or we are not men!—"

"Don't interrupt him, George," uxoriously suggested Lady Tamworth, "your father hasn't done talking yet." For George was getting terribly impatient; he knew, from sad experience, how much the Admiral was given to prosing. However, the oration soon proceeded to our Captain's entire satisfaction, after his progenitor had paused awhile for breath's sake in his eloquence.

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"—Take up their quarrel, or we are not men. Nevertheless, boy, I cannot see the need of pistols. The only conceivable case for violent redress, is woman's wrong: and he who wrongs a woman cannot be a gentleman; therefore, ought not to be met on equal terms. For other causes of duello, as hot-headed speeches, rudenesses, or slights, forgive, forbear to fan the flame, and never be above apologizing: but, in an outrage such as this, let a fine-built fellow, such as you are, George (and the women should shew wisdom in their choice of champions),—let a man, and a Queen's officer as you are, treat this brute Julian Tracy, as a martinet huntsman would a hound thrown out. As for me, boy, I'm going to call on Mrs. Tracy at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning,—and, without presuming to advise a six foot two of a son, I think,—I think, if I were you, I would be dutiful enough to say,—'father, I will acccompany you,—and take a horsewhip with me.'"

"Agreed, agreed, sir," replied the well-pleased son, and her ladyship too vouchsafed her approbation.

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Emily had gone to bed long ago, or rather to her chamber; where the three Misses Tamworth had been all kindness, curiosity, and consolation. So, Sir Abraham and his lady, now the speech was finished, followed their example of retirement: and the Captain newly blood-knotted his hunting-whip, *con amore*, not to say *con spirito*, overnight.

Nobody will wonder to hear, that when the gallant representatives of army and navy called next morning at No. 7, Mrs. Tracy and her son were "not at home:" and of course it would be far too Julian-like a proceeding, for true gentlemen to think of forcing their company on the probably ensconced indwellers. Accordingly, they marched away, without having deigned to leave a card; the Captain taking on himself the duty of perambulating sentinel, while his father proceeded to the library as usual. Judge of the glad surprise, when, within ten minutes, our vindictive George perceived the Admiral coming back again, full-sail, with the mother and son in tow, creeping amicably enough up the terrace. Sir Abraham

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had given her his arm, and precious Mr. Julian was a little in the rear: for the old folks were talking confidentially.

George St. Vincent, placing his whip in the well-known position of "Cane, a mystery," advanced to meet them; and, just after passing his father, with whom he exchanged a very comfortable glance, discovered that the heroic Julian, who had caught a glimpse of the ill-concealed weapon, was slinking quickly round a corner to avoid him. It was certainly undignified to run, but the gallant Captain did run, nevertheless; and soon caught the coward by the collar.

Then, at arm's length, was the hunting-whip applied, full swing; up the terrace, and down the parade, and through High-street, and Smith-street, and Oxton-road, and aristocratical Pacton-square, and the well-thronged plebeian market-place; lash, lash, lash, in furious and fast succession on the writhing roaring culprit; to the universal excoriation of Mr. Julian Tracy, and the amazement of an admiring and soon collected crowd, the rank, beauty, and fashion, of

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Burleigh Singleton. Julian was strong indeed, and a coalheaver in build, but conscience had unnerved him; and the coarse noisy bully always is a coward: therefore, it was a pleasant thing to see, how easy came the Captain's work to him,—he had nothing to do but to lash, lash, lash, double-thonged, like a slavedriver: and, except that he made the caitiff move along, to be a spectacle to man and woman, up and down the town, he might as well, for any difficulty in the deed, have been employed in scarifying a gatepost.

At last, thoroughly exhausted with having inflicted as much punishment as any three drummers at a soldier's whipping-match, and spying out his "tiger" in the throng, our gallant Avenging Childe tossed the heavy whip to the trim cockaded little man that he might carry home that instrument of vengeance, deliberately wiped his wet mustachios, and, giving Julian one last kick, let the fellow part in peace.

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CHAPTER XVI.

HOW CHARLES FARED.

HAVING thus found protectors for poor Emily, and disposed of her assailant to the entire satisfaction of all mankind, let us turn seawards, and take a look at Charles.

Now, "no earthly power,"—as a certain ex-chancellor protested,—shall induce me to do so mean a thing as to open Charles's letters, and spread them forth before the public gaze. Doubtless, they were all things tender, warm, and eloquent; doubtless, they were tinted rosy-hue, with love's own blushes, and made glorious with the golden light of unaffected piety. I only read them myself in a reflected way, by looking into Emily's eyes; and I saw, from their ever-changing radiance, how feel-

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ingly he told of his affections; how fervently he poured out all his heart upon the page; how evidently tears and kisses had made many words illegible; how wise, sanguine, happy, and religious, was her own devoted Charles.

Of the trivial incidents of voyaging, his letters said not much: though cheerful and agreeable in his floating prison, with the various exported marrying-maidens and transported civil officers, who constitute the average bulk of Indian cargoes outward bound, Charles mixed but little in their society, seldom danced, seldom smoked, seldom took a hand at whist, or engaged in the conflicts of backgammon. Sharks, storms, waterspouts; the meeting divers vessels, and exchanging post-bags; tar-barrelled Neptune of the Line; Cape Town, with its mountain and the Table-cloth; long rolling seas; and similar common places, Charles did not think proper to enlarge upon: no more do I. Life is far too short for all such petty details: and, more pointedly, a wire-drawn book is the just abhorrence of a generous public.

The letters came frequently: for Charles did

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little else all day but write to Emmy, so as always to be ready with a budget for the next piece of luck,—a home-bound ship. He had many things to teach her yet, sweet student; and it was a beautiful sight to see how her mind expanded as an opening flower before the sun of tenderness and wisdom. Each letter, both in writing and in reading, was the child of many prayers: and even the loveliness of Emily grew more soft, more elevated, "as it had been the face of an angel," when feeding in solitary joy on those effusions of her lover's heart.

Of course, he could not hear from her, until the Overland Mail might haply bring him letters at Madras: so that, as our Irish friends would say, with all her will to tell him of her love, "the reciprocity must needs be all on one side." But Emily did write too; earnestly, happily:—and poured her very heart out in those eloquent burning words. I dare say Charles will get the letter now within a day or two: for the roaring surf of Madras is on the horizon, almost within sight.

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Nevertheless, before he gets there, and can read those letters,—precious, precious manuscripts,—it will be my painful duty, as a chronicler of (what might well be) truth, to put the reader in possession of one little hint, which seemed likeliest to wreck the happiness of these two children of affection.

I am Emily's invisible friend: and as the dear girl ran to me one morning, with tears in her eyes, to ask me what I thought of a certain mysterious paragraph, I need not scruple to lay it straight before the reader.

At the end of a voluminous love letter, which I really did not think of prying into, occurred the following postscript, evidently written at the last moment of haste.

"Oh! my precious Emmy, I have just heard the most fearful rumour of ill that could possibly befal us: the Captain of our ship,—you will remember Captain Forbes, he knew you and the General well, he said,—has just assured me that—that—! I dare not, cannot write the awful words. Oh! my own Emmy—Heaven grant you be my own!—pray, pray, as I will

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night and day, that rumour be not true: for if it be, my love, both God and man forbid us ever to meet again! How I wish I could explain it all, or that I had never heard so much, or never written it here and told it you, though thus obscurely: for I can't destroy this letter now, the ships are just parting company, and there is no time to write another. Yet will I hope, love, against hope. Who knows? through God's good mercy, it may all be cleared up still. If not,—if not,—strive to forget for ever your unhappy

"CHARLES."

"Perhaps, — O, glorious thought! — nurse Mackie may know better than the Captain, after all: and yet he seems so positive: if he is right, there is nothing for us both but Woe! Woe! Woe!"

Now, to say plain truth, when Emily shewed me this, I looked very blank upon it. That Charles had heard some meddlesome report, which (if true) was to be an insuperable barrier to their future union, struck me at a glimpse.

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But I had not the heart to hint it to her; and only encouraged hope,—hope, in God's help, through the means of Mrs. Mackie and her papers.

As for the poor girl herself, she asked me, in much humility, and with many sobs, if I did not fear that her Hindoo mystery was this:—she was the vilest of the vile, a Pariah, an outcast, whose very presence is contamination!

Beautiful, loving, heavenly-hearted creature! so humble in the midst of her majestic loveliness! how touching was the thought, that she thus readily acquiesced in any the deepest humiliation Holy Providence had seen fit to send her; and, though the sentence would have crushed her happiness for ever, till the day of death, that she could still look up and say, "Be it to thine handmaid even as thou wilt."

As I had no better method of explaining the matter, and as her infantine reminiscences and prejudices about caste were strong, I even let her think so, if she would: it was a far better alternative than my own sad thoughts about the business: and, however painful was the

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process, it was something consolatory to observe, that this voluntary humiliation mellowed and chastened her own character, subduing tropical fires, and tempering the virgin gold by meekness.

Oh! Charles, Charles, my poor fellow, "who have cast your all upon a die, and must abide the issue of the throw," I most fervently hope that gossiping Captain Forbes spoke falsely: it it is a comfort to reflect that the world is often very liberal in attributing the honours of paternity to some who really do not deserve them. And if a rich old bachelor looks kindly on a foundling, is it not pure malice on that sole account of charity to hail him father? Besides, —there's nurse Mackie. — Speed to Madras, poor youth, and keep your courage up.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE GENERAL'S RETURN.

In a most unwonted flow of animal spirits, and an entire affability which restored him at once to the rank of a communicative creature, General Tracy came back on Friday night. He had met with marvellous prosperity; for Hancock's had been paying off the prize-money; and his own lion's share, as General, in the easy process of dethroning half a dozen diamond-hilted Rajahs and Nabobs, amounted to something like four lacs of rupees, nearly half a crore! Such a flush of wealth, and he was rich already without it, exhilarated the bilious old gentleman so strangely, that positive peonies were blooming in his cheeks; and as if this was not miracle enough, he had brought

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his wife as a present Maurice's Antiquities of India, gloriously bound, and had even been so superfluous as to purchase a new pair of double barrelled pistols for Julian: the lad was a fine young fellow after all, and ought to be encouraged in snuffing out a candle: as for Emily's *petit cadeau*, it was a fifty guinea set of cameos, the choicest in their way that Howell and James's had to shew him. Moreover, he had sent a Bow street officer to Oxford, to make enquiries after Charles: actually, good fortune had made him at once humanized and happy.

So the chaise rattled up, and the General bounded out, and flew into the arms of his wondering wife, as Paris might have flown to Helen, or Leander to his heroine,—the only feminine Hero, whom grammar recognises. It was past eleven at night: therefore he did not think to ask for Julian; no doubt the boy was gone to bed.

Indeed he had: and was tossing his wealed body, full of pains, and aches, and bruises, as softly as he could upon the feather-bed: he had need of poultices all over, and a quart of Friar's

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Balsam would have done him little good: after his well merited thrashing the flogged hound had slunk to his kennel, and locked himself sullenly in, without even speaking to his mother. Tobacco-fumes exuded from the keyhole, and I doubt not other creature comforts lent the muddled man their aid.

However, after the first rush of news to Mrs. Tracy, her lord, who had every moment been expecting the door to fly open and Emily to fall into his arms,—for strangely did they love each other,—suddenly asked,

"But, where's Emmy all this time? she knows I'm here?—not got to bed is she?—knew I was coming?—"

"Oh! General, I'll tell you all about it to-morrow morning."

"About what, madam? Great God! has any harm befallen the child? Speak,—speak, woman!"

"Dear,—dear—Oh! what shall I say?" sobbed the silly mother; "Emily—Emily, poor dear Julian—"

"What the devil, ma'am, of Julian?" the

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General turned white as a sheet, and rang the the bell, in singular calmness; probably for a dram of brandy. Saunders answered it so instantly, that I rather suspect he was waiting just outside.

The moment Mrs. Tracy saw the grey-headed butler, anticipating all that he might say, she brushed past him, and hurriedly ran upstairs.

"What 's all this, Mr. Saunders? where 's Miss Warren?" And the poor old guardian seemed ready to faint at his reply: but he heard it out patiently.

"I am very sorry to say, General, that Miss Emily has been forced to take refuge at Sir Abraham Tamworth's: but she 's well, sir, and safe, sir; quite well and safe," the good man hastened to say, "only I 'm afraid that Mr. Julian had been taking liberties with—"

I dare not write the General's imprecation: then, as he clenched the arms of his easy-chair, as with the grasp of the dying, he asked, in a quick wild way,—

"But what was it?—what happened?"

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"Nothing to fear, sir,—nothing at all, General;—I am thankful to say, that all I saw, and all we all saw, was Miss Emily pulling at the bell-rope with blood upon her face, and Mr. Julian on the floor: but I took the young lady to Sir Abraham's immediately, General, at her own desire."

The father arose sternly; his first feeling was to kill Julian; but the second, a far better one, predominated,—he must go and see Emily at once.

So, faintly leaning on the butler's arm, the poor old man (whom a moiety of ten minutes, with its crowding fears, had made to look some ten years older,) proceeded to the square, and knocked up Sir Abraham at midnight: the Admiral came down, half asleep, in dressing-gown and slippers, vexed at having been knocked up from his warm berth so uncomfortably: it put him sorely in remembrance of his hardships as a middy.

"Kind neighbour, thank you, thank you; where's Emmy, take me to my Emmy," and the iron-hearted veteran wept like a driveller.

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Sir Abraham looked at him queerly; and then, in a cheerful friendly way, replied,—

"Dear General, do not be so moved: the girl's quite safe with us; you'll see her to-morrow morning. All's right; she was only frightened, and George has given the fellow a proper good licking; and the girl's a-bed, you know; and, ey? what?"—

For the poor old man, like one bereaved, said, supplicatingly,—

"In mercy take me to her,—precious child!"

"My dear sir,—pray consider,—it's impossible: fine girl, you know;—Lady Tamworth, too,—can't be, can't be, you know, General."

And the mystified Sir Abraham looked to Saunders for an explanation,—

"Was his master drunk?"

"I must speak to her, neighbour, I must, must, and will,—dear, dear child: come up with me, sir, come; do not trifle with a breaking heart, neighbour!"

There was a heart still in that hard-baked old East Indian.

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It was impossible to resist such an appeal: so the two elders crept up stairs, and knocked softly at her chamber-door. Clearly, the girl was asleep: she had sobbed herself to sleep; the General had been looked for all day long, and she was worn with watching; he could hardly come at midnight; so the dear affectionate child had sobbed herself to sleep.

"Allow me, Sir Abraham." And General Tracy whispered something at the keyhole in a strange tongue.

Not Aladdin's "open sesame" could have been more magical. In a moment, roused up suddenly from sleep, and forgetting everything but those tender recollections of gentle care in infancy, and kindness all through life, the child of nature started out of bed, drew the bolt, and in beauteous dis-array, fell into that old man's arms!

It was enough; he had seen her eye to eye, —she lived: and the white-haired veteran suffered himself to be led away directly from the landing, like a little child, by his sympathizing neighbour.

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"My heart is lighter now, Sir Abraham: but I am a poor weak old man, and owe you an explanation for this outburst; some day,—some day, not now. O, if you could guess how I have nursed that pretty babe when alone in distant lands; how I have doated on her little winning ways, and been gladdened by the music of her prattle; how I have exulted to behold her loveliness gradually expanding, as she was ever at my side, in peril as in peace, in camp as in quarters, in sickness as in health, still, still, the blessed angel of a bad man's life,—a wicked, hard old man, kind neighbour,—if you knew more, more, than for her sake I dare tell you,—and if you could conceive the love my Emmy bears for me, you would not think it strange, think it strange—" He could not say a syllable more: and the Admiral, with Mr. Saunders, too, who joined them in the study, looked very little able to console that poor old man. For they all had hearts, and trickling eyes to tell of them.

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Then, having arranged a shake-down for his master in Sir Abraham's study, — for the Guardian would not leave his dear one ever again,—Saunders went home, purposing to attend with razors in the morning.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

INTERCALARY.

THE Tamworths did not altogether live at Burleigh Singleton,—it was far too petty a place for them; dulness all the year round, (however pleasant for a month or so, as holiday from toilsome pleasures,) would never have done for Lady Tamworth and her daughters: but they regularly took Prospect House for six weeks in the summer season, when tired of Portland Place, and Huntover, their fine estate in Cheshire: and so, from constant annual immigration, came as much to be regarded Burleighites, as swifts and swallows to be ranked as British birds. I only hint at this piece of information, for fear any should think it unlikely, that grandees of Sir Abraham's con-

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dition could exist for ever in a place, where the day-before-yesterday's "Times" is first intelligence.

Moreover, as another interjectional touch, it is only due to my life-likeness to record, that Mrs. Green's, although a Terrace-house, and ranked as humble No. 7, was, nevertheless, a tolerably spacious mansion, well suitable for the dignity of a butler to repose in: for, Mrs. Green had added an entire dwelling on the inland side, as, like most maritime inhabitants, she was thoroughly sick of the sea, and never cared to look at it, though living there still, from mere disinclination to stir: so then, it was quite a double house, both spacious and convenient. As for the inglorious incident of Julian's latch-key, I should not wonder if many wide street-doors to many marble halls are conscious of similar convenient fastenings, if gentlemen of Julian's nocturnal tastes happen to be therein dwelling. Another little matter is worth one word. The house had been Mrs. Green's, a freehold, and was, therefore, now her heir's: but the General, as executor, remained

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there still, until his business was finished; in fact, he took his year's liberty.

He had returned from India, rolling in gold; for some great princess or other,—I think they called her a Begum, or a Glumdrum, or other such like Gulliverian appellative,—had been singularly fond of him, and had loaded him in early life with favours,—not only kisses, and so forth, but jewellery and gold pagodas. And lately, as we know, Puttymuddyfudgepoor, with its radiating Rajahs and Nabobs, had proved a mine of wealth: for a crore is ten lacs, and a lac of rupees, is anything rather than a lack of money, although rupees be money, and the "middle is distributed;" in spite of logic, then, a lac means about twelve thousand pounds: and four of them, according to Cocker, some fifty thousand. It would appear then, that with the produce of the Begum's diamonds, converted into money long ago, and some of them as big as linnet's eggs,—and not to take account of Mrs. Green's trifling pinch of the five Exchequer bills, all handed over at once to Emily,—the General's

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present fortune was exactly one hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds.

Of course, *he* wasn't going to bury himself at Burleigh Singleton much longer; and yet, for all that stout intention of houses and lands, and carriages and horses, in almost any other county or country, it is as true as anything in this book, that he was a resident still, a leaseholder of Aunt Green's house, long after the *dénouement* of this story; in many things an altered man, but still identical in one; the unchangeable resolve (though never to be executed) of leaving Burleigh at furthest by next Michaelmas. Most folks who talk much, do little; and taciturn as the General now is, and has been ever throughout life, it will surprise nobody, who has learned from hard experience how silly and harmful a thing is secresy (exceptionables excepted), to find that he grew to be a garrulous old man, gossiping for ever of past, present, future, and, not least, about his deeds at Puttymuddyfudgepoor.

General Tracy is by this time awake again; if ever indeed he slept on that uncomfortable

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shakedown; and, after Mr. Saunders and the razor-strop, has greeted brightly beaming Emily with more than usual tenderness. Her account of the transaction made his very blood boil; especially as her pretty pouting lips were lacerated cruelly inside: that rude blow on the mouth had almost driven the teeth through them. How confidingly she told her artless tale; how gently did her fond protector kiss that poor pale cheek; and how sternly did he vow fell vengeance on the caitiff! Not even Emily's intercession could avail to turn his wrath aside. He could hardly help flying off at once to do something dreadful; but common courtesy to all the Tamworth family obliged him to defer for an hour all the terrible things he meant to do. So he began to bolt his breakfast fiercely as a cannibal, and saluted Lady Tamworth and her daughters with such savage looks, that the Captain considerately suggested:

"Here, General," handing him a most formidable carving-knife, "charge that boar's head, grinning defiance at us on the sideboard;

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it will do you good to hew his brawny neck. My mother, I am sure, for one, will thank you to do the honours there instead of me. Isn't it a comfort, now, to know that I broke the handle of my hunting-whip across the fellow's back, and wore all the whip-cord into skeins. Come, I say, General, don't eat us all round; and pray have mercy on that poor flogged miserable sinner."

This banter did him good, especially as he saw Emily smiling; so he relaxed his knit brow, condescended to look less like giant Blunderbore, soon became marvellously chatty, and ate up two French rolls, an egg, some anchovies, a round of toast, and a mighty slice of brawn; these, washed down by a couple of cups of tea, soothed him into something like complacency.

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CHAPTER XIX.

JULIAN'S DEPARTURE.

Long before the General got home, still in exalted dudgeon (indeed soon after the General had left home over night), the bird had flown; for the better part of valour suggested to our evil hero, that it would be discreet to render himself a scarce commodity for a season; and as soon as ever his mother had run up to his room door to tell him of his danger, when her lord was cross-questioning the butler, he resolved upon instant flight. Accordingly, though sore and stiff, he hurried up, dressed again, watched his father out, and tumbling over Mrs. Tracy, who was sobbing on the stairs, ran for one moment to the General's room; there he seized a well remembered cash-box, and instinctively pos-

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sessed himself of those new neat double barrelled pistols: a bully never goes unarmed. These brief arrangements made, off he set, before his father could have time to return from Pacton Square.

Therefore, when the General called, we need not marvel that he found him not; no one but the foolish mother (so neglected of her son, yet still excusing him,) stood by to meet his wrath. He would not waste it on her; so long as Julian was gone, his errand seemed accomplished; for all he came to do was to expel him from the house. So, as far as regarded Mrs. Tracy, her husband, wotting well how much she was to blame, merely commanded her to change her sleeping-room, and occupy Mr. Julian's in future.

The silly woman was even glad to do it; and comforted herself from time to time with prying into her own boy's exemplary manuscripts, memoranda of moralities, and so forth; with weeping, like Lady Constance, over his empty "unpuffed" clothes; with reading ever and anon his choice collection of standard works,

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among which Don Juan and Mr. Thomas Paine were by far the most presentable; and with tasting, till it grew to be a habit, his private store of spirituous liquors. Thus did she mourn many days for long lost Julian.

I am quite aware what became of him. The wretched youth, mad for Emily's love, and tortured by the tyranny of passion, had nothing else to live for or to die for. He accordingly took refuge in the hovel of a smuggler, an old friend of his, not many miles away, disguised himself in fisherman's costume, and bode his opportunity.

Beauteous girl! how often have I watched thee with straining eyes and aching heart, as thou wentest on thy summer's walk so oftentimes to Oxton, there to exercise thy bountiful benevolence in comforting the sick, gladdening the wretched, and lingering, with love's own look, in Charles's village school; how often have I prayed, that guardian angels might be about thy path as about thy bed! For the prowling tiger was on thy track, poor innocent one, and many, many times nothing but one of

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God's seeming accidents hath saved thee. Who was that strange man so often in the way? At one time a wounded Spanish Legionist, with head bound up; at another an old beggar upon crutches; at another a floury miller with his donkey and a sack; at another a black looking man, in slouching sailor's hat and fishing-boots?

Fair, pure creature! thou hast often dropped a shilling in that beggar's hand, and pitied that poor maimed soldier; once, too, a huge gipsy woman would have had thee step aside, and hear thy fortunes. Heaven guarded thee then, sweet Emily; for, both girl and lover though thou art, thou would'st not listen to the serpent's voice, however fair might be the promises. And Heaven guarded thee ever, bidding some one pass along the path just as the ruffian might have gagged thy smiling mouth, and hurried thee away amongst his fellows; and more than once, especially, those school children, bursting out of Charles's school at dusk, have unconsciously escorted thee in safety from the perils of that Tiger on thy track.

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CHAPTER XX.

ENLIGHTENMENT.

THE GENERAL could not now be kept in ignorance of Charles's expedition; in fact, he had found his heart, and began resolutely to use it. So, the very day on which he had lost Julian, he intended very eagerly to seek out Charles; for the Oxford search had failed, and no wonder. Now, though Emily had told, as we well know, to both mother and son her secret, the father was not likely to be any the wiser; for he now never spoke to his wife, and could not well speak to his son. However, one day, an hour after an overland letter, a very exhilarating one, dated Madras, whereof we shall hear anon, fair Emily, in the fulness of her heart, could not help saying,

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" Dearest sir, you are often thinking of poor lost Charles I know; and you are very anxious about him too, though nobody but myself, who am always with you, can perceive it: what if you heard he was safe and well?"

" Have you heard any tidings of my poor boy, Emmy?"

She looked up archly, and said, " Why not?" her beautiful eyes adding, as plainly as eyes could speak, " I love him, and you know it; of course I have heard frequently from dear, dear Charles."

But the guardian met her looks with a keen and chilling answer: " Why not! why not? does he dare to write to you, and you to love him? Oh that I had told them both a year ago! But where is he now child? don't cry, I will not speak so angrily again, my Emmy."

" I hardly dare to tell you, dearest sir: you have always been as a father to me, and I never knew any other; but there are things I cannot explain to myself, and I was very wretched; and so, kind guardian, Charles— Charles was so good —"

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"What has he done?—where has he gone?" hastily asked his father.

"Oh, don't, don't be angry with us; in a word, he is gone to Madras, to find out nurse Mackie, and tell me who I am."

The poor old man, who had treasured up so long some mystery, probably a very diaphanous one, for Emily's own dear sake in the world's esteem, and from the long bad habit of reserve, fell back into his chair as if he had been shot; but he did not faint, nor gasp, nor utter a sound; he only looked at her so long and sorrowfully, that she ran to him, and covered his pale face with her own brown curls, kissing him, and wiping from his cheek her starting tears.

"Emmy, dear,—I can tell you,—and I—no, no, not now, not now: if he comes back,—then —then; poor children! Oh, the sin of secresy!"

"But, dearest sir, do not be so sad; Charles has happy news, he says."

"Happy, child? Good Heaven! would it could be so!"

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"Indeed, indeed, a week ago he was as miserable as any could be, and so was I; for he heard something terrible about me,—I don't know what,—but I feared I was a—Pariah! However, now he is all joy, and coming home again as soon as possible."

The General shook his head mournfully, as physicians do when hope is gone; but still he looked perplexed and thoughtful.

"You will shew me the letters, dear, I dare say: but I do not command you Emmy; do as you like."

"Certainly, my own kindest guardian,—all, all, and instantly."

And flying up to her room, she returned with as much closely written manuscript as would have taken any but a lover's eye a full week to decypher. The General, not much given to literary matters, looked quite scared at such a prospect.

"Wait, Emmy; not all, not all; shew me the last."

I dare say Emily will forgive me if I get it set up legibly in print. May I, dear?

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CHAPTER XXI.

CHARLES AT MADRAS.

LUCKILY enough for all mankind in general, and our lovers in particular, Charles's last letter was very unlike some that had preceded it; for instead of the usual " Oh, my love"s, " sweet, sweet eyes," "darling"s, and all manner of such chicken-hearted nonsense, it was positively sensible, rational, not to say utilitarian; though, I must acknowledge, that here and there it degenerates into the affectionate, or Strombolivein of letter-writing, at opening especially; and really now and then I shall take leave to indicate omitted inflammations by a *.

" DEAREST DEAREST EMMY,

* * * * *

[and so forth, a very galaxy of stars to the

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bottom of this page; enough to put the compositor out of his terrestrial senses.]

"You see I have recovered my spirits, dearest, and am not now afraid to tell you how I love you. Oh that detestable Captain Forbes! let him not cross my path, gossiping blockhead! on pain of carrying about 'til deth,' in the middle of his face, a nose two inches longer. I heartily wish I had never listened for an instant to such vile insinuations; and when I look at this red right hand of mine, that dared to pen the trash in that black postscript, I look at it as Cranmer did, and (but that it is yours, Emmy, not mine,) could wish it burnt. But no fears now, my girl, huzza, huzza! I believe every one about me thinks me daft; and so I am for very joyfulness; notwithstanding, let me be didactic, or you will say so too. I really will endeavour to rein in, and go along in the regular hackney trot, that you may partly comprehend me. Well, then, here goes; try your paces, Dobbin.

"On the morning of Sunday, April 11th, 1842, the good ship Elphinston — (that's the

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way to begin, I suppose, as per ledger, log-book, and midshipmen's epistles to mamma,) —in fact, dear, we cast anchor just outside a furious wall of surf, which makes Madras a very formidable place for landing; and every one who dares to do so certain of a watering. There lay the city, most invitingly to storm-tost tars, with its white palaces, green groves, and yellow belt of sand, blue hills in the distance, and all else *couleur de rose*. But, but, Emmy, there was no getting at this paradise, except by struggling through a couple of miles of raging foam, that would have made mincemeat of the Spanish Armada, and have smashed Sir William Elphinston to pieces. How, then, did we manage to survive it? for, thank God always, here I am to tell the tale. Listen, Emmy dear, and I will try not to be tedious.

"We were bundled out of the rolling ship into some huge flat-bottomed boats, like coal-barges, and even so, were grated and ground several times by the churning waves on the ragged reefs beneath us: and, just as I was enjoying

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the sea-saw, and trying to comfort two poor drenched womenkind who were terribly afraid of sharks, a huge cream-coloured breaker came bustling alongside of us, and roaring out "Charles Tracy," gobbled me up bodily. Well, dearest, it wasn't the first time I had floundered in the waters; [noble Charles! noble Charles! he had long forgiven Julian;] so I was battling on as well as I could with a stout heart and a steady arm, when—don't be afraid,—a *Catamaran* caught me! If you haven't fainted, (bless those pretty eyes of your's, my Emmy!) read on; and you will find that this alarming sort of animal is neither an albatross nor an alligator, but simply —a life-boat with a Triton in the stern. Yes, God's messenger of life to me and happiness to you, my girl, came in the shape of a kindly, chattering, blue-skinned, human creature, who dragged me out of the surf, landed me safely, and, I need not say, got paid with more than hearty thanks. So, I scuffled to the customhouse to look after my traps and fellow-passengers, like a dripping merman.

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"'Who is that miserable old woman bothering everybody?' asked I of a very civil searcher, profuse in his salaams.

"'Oh, Sahib, you will know for yourself presently: she's always hanging about here, to get news of somebody in England, I believe,—and to try to find a charitable Captain who will take her all the way for nothing: rather too much of a good thing, you know, Sahib.'

[We really cannot undertake to scribble broken English: so we will translate anything that may mysteriously have been chattered by havildars, and coolies, and all manner of strange names.]

"'Poor old soul,—she looks very wretched: what's her name?' asked I, carelessly.

"'Oh, I never troubled to enquire, Sahib: I believe she was an old servant left behind as lumber, and she pesters every one, day by day, about some 'bonnie bonnie bairn.''

"In a moment, Emmy, I had seized on dear nurse Mackie!

"Very old, very deaf, very infirm,—she fancied I was driving her away, as many others might

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have done; and, with a truly piteous face, pleaded—

"'Gude sir, have mercy on a puir auld soul,—and let her ask for her sweet young mistress, only once, sir, only once more.'

"'Emily Warren?' said I.

"Her wrinkled face brightened over as with glory,—and she answered—

"'Bless the mouth that spake it, and these ears that hear her name! yes, yes, yes,—they call her so;—where is she? how is she? have you seen her? is she yet alive?'

"Leading away the affectionate old soul from the crowd that was collecting round us, I left orders about luggage as a traveller should, and then told her all I knew:—and I know you pretty well, I think, my Emmy.

"Her joy was like a madwoman's: the dear old Hecate pranced, and danced, and sung, and shouted like nothing but a mother when she finds her long lost child: not that she's your mother, Emmy dear. No, no,—matters are better than that: all she vouchsafes, though, to tell me is, that you are a lady born and bred,

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and—for I cannot find the words to inform your pure mind clearer,—that "you are not what *he* thinks you."

[Here followeth another twinkling universe of stars; * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * and thereafter our cavalier condescendeth again to matters of fact.]

"Nurse Mackie of course comes back with me next packet: this letter goes by the Overland Mail more quickly than we can; gladly would I go too, but the old woman, whose life is essential to your rights, would die of fatigue by the way: as it is, I am obliged to coddle her, and feed her, and ptisan her, like a sick baby, bless her dear old heart that loves my darling Emmy! She has a pack of papers with her, which she will not open, till the General is by her side: if she unfortunately dies before we can return, I am to have them and all will be right. But the old soul is so afraid of being left behind, (as you threw away the orange-peel after you have squeezed it,) that she will not tell me a word about them yet:

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so, I only gather what I can from her cautious garrulity, hints about a Begum and a Captain, and the Stuarts, and Putty-whatdy'e-call it. And it is all in document, as well as *viva-voce* (this means "gossip," dear.) So now you may be expecting us, as soon as ever we can get to you. Tell the General all this, and give him my best love, next after your's, Emmy; for he is my father still, and my very heart yearns after him: O that he were kinder with me as I see he is with you, dear, and more open with us all! Also, kiss, if she will let you, my mother for me, and I hope you will have hinted to her long ago, that I am only playing truant. How is poor, poor Julian? he will understand me, if you tell him, I forgive him, and will never say one word about our little tiff.—And now, dearest Emmy,"

[The remainder of his letter must, believe me, be as starry as before.]

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CHAPTER XXII.

REVELATIONS.

General Tracy gave a long-drawn sigh: and tears, tears of true affection, stood in those most fish-like eyes, as he mournfully said, "Bless him, bless dear Charles, almost as much as you, my own sweet Emmy. Heaven send it could be true, — for Heaven can work miracles. But without a miracle, Emily, in sober sadness I declare it, you must forget— *your brother Charles, my daughter!*"

Emily fell flat upon her face, so cold, so white, that he believed her dead.

Oh! that he had never, never said that word: or better still, poor father, that you had never kept the dreadful secret from them. The adultery, indeed, was sin; but years of

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ill-concealings have multiplied its punishment. Wretched father, — wretched children! that must bear an erring father's curse.

Oh! that Jeanie Mackie may have reasons, proofs; and be not an impostor after all, dressing up a tale that over-sanguine Charles may bring her back again to Scotland. Well, well! I am full of sadness and perplexities: but we shall hear it out anon. Heaven help them!

Emily was taken very ill, and had a long fit of sickness. Day and night, night and day, did her poor wasting anxious father watch by her bed-side, gentle as the gentlest nurse, tender as the tenderest of mothers. And, indeed, the Lord of Life and Wisdom was gracious to them both; raising up the poor weak child again; and teaching that old man, through this daughter of his shame and sin in youth, that Religion is a cure for all things. Ay, "the blessed angel of a bad man's life," indeed, indeed, was she: and he humbly knelt, as little children kneel, that hard and dried old man; and his eyes caught the ray of Heaven's

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mercy, looking up in joy to read forgiveness; and his heart was bathed in penitence, — the Rock flowed out amain; and his mind was quickened into faith,—he lived, he breathed 'a new born babe,' that poor and bad old man, given to the prayers of his own daughter!

All this while, Mrs. Tracy, thrown upon her own resources, has been continually tasting dear Julian's store, and finding out excuses for his trivial peccadilloes. And when, from the recesses of his desk, she had routed out, (in company with sundry more, rather contrasting with a mother's pure advice,) a few of her own letters which he had not yet destroyed, she would doat by the hour on these proofs of his affection. And then, her spirits were so low; and his choice smuggled Hollands so requisite to screw them up to par again; and no sooner had they rallied than they would once more begin to droop; so she cried a good deal; and kept her bed; and very often did not remember exactly, whether she was lying down there or figuring on the Esplanade with Julian, and, —and all that sort of thing: accordingly, it

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is not to be wondered at, if in Aunt Green's double-house, the General and Emily saw very little of her, and, during all this illness, had almost forgotten her existence. Nevertheless, she was alive still and as vast as ever,—though a course of strong waters had shattered her nerves considerably; even more so, than her real mother's grief at Julian's protracted absence.

Never had he been heard of since he left, hard heart; though he might have guessed a mother's sorrow, and was not far away, and often lingered near the house in strange disguises. It would have been easy for him, in some clever way or other, latch-key and all, to have gained access to her, and comforted her, and given her some real proof, that all the love she shed on him had not been utterly thrown away; but he didn't,—he didn't; and I know not of a darker trait in Julian's whole career: he was insensible to love, a mother's love.

For love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the

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rest had failed. Reason he parries; Fear he answers blow to blow; future Interest he meets with present pleasure: but Love, that sun against whose melting beams the Winter cannot stand, that soft-subduing slumber which wrestles down the Giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion, whose clay-heart is hardened against Love.

Yet was Julian one of these select ones: an awful instance of that possible, that actual, though happily that scarcest of all characters, a man,

"Black, with *no* virtue, and a thousand crimes."

The amiable villain,—one whose generosity redeems his guilt, whose kindliness outweighs his folly, or whose beauty charms the eye to overlook his baseness,—this too common hero is an object and example fraught with perilous interest. Charles Duval, the polite; Paul Clifford, the handsome; Richard Turpin, brave and true; Jack Sheppard, no ignoble mind and loving still his mother; these, and such as these,

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with Schiller's Robbers and the like, are dangerous to gaze on, as Germany, if not England too, remembers well. But, not more true to life, though far less common to be met with, is a Julian's incorrigible mind: one, in whose life are no white days; one, on whose heart are no bright spots: when Heaven's pity spoke to him, he ridiculed; as, when His threatening thundered, he defied. Of this world only, and tending to a worse, appetite was all he lived for: and the core of appetite is iron selfishness.

The filched cashbox proved to be too well filled, for him to trouble himself with thinking of his mother yet awhile: and his smuggling acquaintances, a rough featured blasphemous crew, set him as their chief, so long as he swore loudest, drank deepest, and had money at command. He hid the money, that they should not secretly steal from him that to which he owed his bad supremacy; and his double-barrels, shotted to the muzzle, were far too formidable for any hope of getting at it by open brute force. Nevertheless, they were

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"fine high spirited" fellows those, bold, dark men, of Julian's own kidney; who toasted in their cups each others' crimes, and the ghost or two that ought to have been haunting them.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

CONVALESCENCE.

VERY slowly did our Emily recover, for the blow had been more than she could bear: nothing but religion gave her any chance at all; and the phials, blisterings, bleedings, would have been in vain, in vain, — she must have died long ago,—had it not been for the remembrance of God's love, resignation to His will, and trust in the wisdom of His Providence. But these specific remedies gradually brought her round, while the kind-eyed doctors praised their own prescriptions: and after many rallyings and relapses, delirious ramblings, and intervals of hallowed christian peace, the eye of Love's meek martyr brightened up once more, and health flushed again upon her cheek.

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She recovered, God be praised! for her death would have been poor Charles's too; and the same grave that yawned for her and him would have closed upon their father also. Even as it was, when she arose from off the weary bed of sickness, it was to be a nurse herself, and watch beside that patient, weak, old man. He could not bear her out of his sight all the fever through; but eagerly would listen to her hymns and prayers, joining in them faintly, like a dying saint. With the saddening secret, which had so long pressed upon his mind, he seemed to have thrown off his old nature, as a cast skin: and now he was all frankness for reserve, all piety for profaneness, all peacefulness for blusterings and wrath.

He remembered then poor Julian and his mother: taking blame to himself, justly, deeply, for neglected duties, chilling lack of sympathy, and that dull domestic sin, that still continued evil of unnatural omissions, — stern reserve. And he would gladly have seen Julian by his bedside, to have freely forgiven the lad, and welcomed him home again, and begun

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once more, in openness and charity, all things fair and new: but Julian was not to be found, though rewards were offered, and placards posted up, and emissaries from the Detective Police-force sought him far and wide. Alas! the bold bad man had heard with scorn of his father's penitence, and knew that he would gladly have received him;—but what cared he for kindnesses or pardons? He only lived to waylay Emily.

As for Mrs. Tracy, she was seldom in a state to appear; but one day she managed to refrain a little, and came to see her husband almost sober. I was, authorially speaking, behind the door, and saw and heard as follows:

The old man, worn and emaciate, was weakly sitting up in bed, and Emmy by his side, with the Bible in her lap: she casually shut it as the mother entered.

"Well, Miss Warren, there's a time for all things; but this is neither morning, noon, nor night; nor Sunday either, nor holyday, that I know of; it's eleven o'clock on Tuesday, Miss,—and I think you might as well leave

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the General at peace, without troubling him for ever with your prayer-books and your Bibles."

"Jane, my dear, I requested it of Emily: come and sit by me, and take my hand, wife."

"Thank you, sir, you are very obliging: not while that young woman is in the room.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, General Tracy."

Poor Emmy ran away to weep. It seems that, in her delirium, she had spoken many things, and the servants blabbed them out to Mrs. Tracy.

"Ah, my poor wife, indeed I am: both ashamed, and sorry—heartily sorry. But God forgives me, Jenny, and I hope that you will too."

"Upon my word, General, you carry it off with a high hand: and, not content, sir, with insulting me in my own home by bringing here your other women's children, you have expelled poor dear, dear Julian."

"Jane, if you will remember, he ran away himself; and you know that now I gladly

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would receive him: we are all prodigal sons together, and if God can bear with us, Jane, we ought to look kindly on each other."

"Ha! that 's always the way with old sinners like you, — canting hypocrites! Be a man, General Tracy, if you can, and talk sense. I never did any harm or sin in all my life yet, and don't intend to: and my poor boy Julian 's well enough, if they 'd only let him alone; but nobody understands his heart but me. Good boy, I 'm sure there 's virtue enough left in him, if he loves his mother."—*If* he loves his mother.

"Jane, dear, I sent for you to kiss you; for I could not die in peace, nor live in peace (whichever God may please,) without your pardon, Jane, for a thousand unkindnesses, — but, especially for the sin that gave me Emily. Forgive me this, my wife."

"Never, sir!" rejoined that miserable mind; and fancied she was acting virtuously. She thrust aside the kindly proffered hand; scowled at him with darkened brow; drew up her commanding height; and, calling Mrs. Siddons to

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remembrance, brushed away in the indignant attitude of a tragedy queen.

Emmy ran again to her father, and the vain bad mother to her bottle: we must leave them to their various avocations.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLES DELAYED.

Few things could well be more unlikely than that Emily should hear of Charles again before she saw him: for, having left Madras as speedily as might be, now that his mission was so easily, yet so naturally, accomplished, —having posted, as we know, his overland letter,—and having got on board the fast-sailing ship Samarang, Captain Trueman, Charles, in the probable course of things, if he wrote at all, must have been his own postman. But the Fates—(our christianity can afford to wink now and then at Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, for, at any rate, they are as reasonable creatures as Chance, Luck, and Accident,)—the Fates willed it otherwise; and, accordingly,

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it is in my power to lay before the reader another genuine lucubration of Charles Tracy.

A change had come over the spirit of their dream, those youthful lovers: and agonizing doubt must rack their hearts, threatening to rend them both asunder. It is evident to me that Charles's letter, (which Emmy shewed me with a melancholy face,) was on principle less warm, less dottable with stars, and more conversant with things of this world; high, firm, honourable principle; intending very gently, very gradually to wean her from him, if he could; for his faith in Jeanie Mackie had been shaken, and—but let us hear him tell us of it all himself.

I.E.M. Samarang. St. Helena.

"You will wonder, my dear Emily, to hear again before you see me: but I am glad of this providential opportunity, as it may serve to prepare us both. Naturally enough you will ask, why Charles cannot accompany his letter? I will tell you, dear, in one word,—Mrs. Mackie is now lying very ill on shore: and, as

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far as our poor ship is concerned, you shall hear about it all anon. Several of the passengers, who were in a hurry to get home, have left us, and gone in the packet-boat that takes you this letter: gladly, as you know, would I have accompanied them, for I long to see you, poor dear girl; but it was impossible to leave the old woman, upon whom alone, under God, our hopes of earthly happiness depend: if, alas! we still can dream about such hopes.

"Oh, Emily,—I heartily wish that, having finished my embassage by that instantaneous finding of the old Scotch nurse, I had never been so superfluous as to have left those letters of introduction, wherewith you kindly supplied me, in an innocent wish to help our cause. But I felt solitary, too, waiting at Madras for the next ship to England; and in my folly, forgetful of the single aim with which I had come, Jeanie Mackie to wit, I thought I might as well use my present opportunities, and see what I could of the place and its inhabitants.

"With that view, I left my letters at Government House, at Mr. Clarkson's, Colonel

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Bunting's, Mrs. Castleton's, and elsewhere, according to direction; and immediately found answer in a crowd of invitations. I need not vex you nor myself, Emmy, writing as I do with a heavy, heavy heart, by describing gaieties in which I felt no pleasure, even when amongst them, for my Emmy was not there: splendour, prodigality, and red-hot rooms, only made endurable by perpetually fanning punkahs: pompous counsellors, authorities, and other men in office, and a glut of military uniforms: vulgar wealth, transparent match-making, and predominating dulness: along with some few of the charities and kindnesses of life (Mrs. Bunting, in particular, is an amiable, motherly, good-hearted woman),—all these you will readily fancy for yourself.

"My trouble is deeper than anything so slight as the common satiations of ennui: for I have heard in these circles in which your,—my—the General, I mean, chiefly mixed, so much of that ill-rumour that it cannot all be false: they knew it all, and were certain of it all, too well, Emily, dear. And I have been

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pestering nurse Mackie night and day; but the old woman is so afraid of being left behind any where, or thrown overboard, or dropped upon some desert rock, that she is quite cross, and won't say a single word in answer, even when I tell her all these terrible tales. Her resolution is, not to reveal one syllable more, until she sets foot on England; and several people at Madras annoyed me exceedingly by saying, that this kind of thing is an old trick with people who wish to be sent home again. She has hidden away her papers somewhere; not that I was going to steal them: but it shews how little trust she puts in anything, or any one, except the keeping of her own secret. However, she does adhere obstinately, and hopefully for us, to her original hint, 'you are not what he thinks you;' although she will not condescend to any single proof, or explanation, against the mighty mass of evidence, which probabilities, and common rumour, and the General's own belief, have heaped together. When I call you Emmy, too,—the old soul, in her broad Scotch way, always corrects me, and

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invokes a blessing upon 'A-amy:' so there is a mystery somewhere: at least, I fervently hope there is: and, if the old woman has been playing us false, let us resign ourselves to God, my girl; for our fate will be that matters are as people say they are,—and then my old black postcript ends too truly with a woe, woe, woe,—!

"But I must shake off all this lethargy of gloom, dearest, dearest girl,—How can I dare to call you so?—Let me, therefore, rush for comfort into other thoughts; and tell you at once of the fearful dangers we have now mercifully escaped; for the Samarang lies like a log in this friendly port, dismasted, and next to a wreck.

"I proceed to show you about it; perhaps I shall be tedious,—but I do it as a little rest, my own soul's love, from anxious, earnest, heart-distracting prayers continually, continually, that the sorrow which I spoke of be not true. Sometimes, a light breaks in, and I rejoice in the most sanguine hope: at others, gloom,—

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"But a truce to all this, I say. Here shall follow didactically the cause why the good ship Samarang is not by this time in the Docks.

"We were lying somewhere about the tropical belt, Capricorn you know, (O those tender lessons in Geography, my Emmy!) quite becalmed; the sea like glass, and the sky like brass, and the air in a most stagnant heat: our good ship motionless, dead in a dead blue sea; it was

'Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

"The sails were hanging loosely in the shrouds; every one set, from skyscraper to studsail, in hopes to catch a passing breath of wind. My fellow passengers and the crew, almost melted, were lying about as weak as parboiled eels: it was high noon, all things silent and subdued by that intolerable blaze; for the vertical sun, over our multiplied awnings and umbrellas, burnt us up, fierce as a furnace.

"I was leaning over the gangway, looking wistfully at the cool, clear, deep sea, where-

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from the sailors were trying to persuade a shark to come on board us, when, all at once, in the south-east quarter, I noticed a little round black cloud, thrown up from the horizon like a cricket ball. As anything is attractive in such sameness as perpetual sea and sky, my discovery was soon made known, and among the first to our captain. Calling for his Dollond, and bidding his second lieutenant run quick to the cabin and look at the Barometer, he viewed the little cloud in evident anxiety, and shook his head, with a solemn air: more than one light-hearted woman thinking he was quizzing them.

"Up came Lieutenant Joyce, looking as if he had seen a ghost in the cabin.

"'The mercury, sir, is falling just as rapidly, as it would rise if you plunged it into boiling water: an inch a minute or so!'

"Our Captain saw the danger instantly, and brave as Trueman is, I never saw a man look paler.

"To drive all the passengers below, and pen them in with closed hatches and storm-shutters,

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(so hot, Emmy, that the black hole of Calcutta must have been an icehouse to it: how the foolish people abused our wise skipper, and more than one pompous old Indian threatened him with an action for false imprisonment!) this huddling away was the first effort; and, simultaneously with it, the crew were all over the rigging, furling sails hurriedly, hurriedly.

"Meanwhile, (for I was last on deck,) that little cloud seemed whirling within itself, and many others gathered round it, all dancing about on the horizon, as if sheaves of mischief tossed about by devils: I don't wish to be poetical, Emmy, for my heart is very, very sad; but if ever the Powers of the air sow the Wind and reap the Whirlwind, they were gathering in their Harvest at that hour. Underneath the skipping clouds, which came on quickly, leaping over each other, as when the wain is loaded by a score of hands, I noticed a sea approaching, such as Pharaoh must have seen, when the wall of waters fell upon him; and premonitory winds came whistling by, and two or three sails were flapping in them still, and

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I was hurried down stairs after all the rest of us.

"Then, on a sudden, it appeared not winds, nor waves, nor thunder, but as if the squadroned cavalry of heaven had charged across the seas, and crushed our battered ship beneath their horse-hoofs! We were flung down flat on our beam-ends; and the two or three unfurled sails, bursting with the noise of a cannon, were scattered miles away to leeward as if they had been paper. As for the poor fellows in the rigging, the Spirit of the Storm had already made them his: twenty of our men were swept away by that tornado.

"Then there was hewing and cleaving on deck, the clatter of many axes and hatchets: for we were in imminent danger of being capsized, keel uppermost, and our only chance was to cut away the masts.

"The muscles of courage were tried then, my Emmy, and the strength which religion gives a man. I felt sensibly held up by the Everlasting Arms: I could listen to the still small Voice, in the midst of a crash which

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might have been the end of all things: though in darkness, God had given me light; though in uttermost peril, my peace was never calmer in our little village school.

"And the billows were knocking at the poor ship's-side like sledge hammers; and the lightnings fell around us scorchingly, with forked bolts, as arrows from the hand of a giant; the thunders overhead, close overhead, crashing from a concave cloud that hung about us heavily,—a dense, black, suffocating curtain,—roared and raved as nothing earthly can, but thunder in the tropics; the rain was as a cataract, literally rushing in a mass; the winds appeared not winds, nor whirlwinds, but legions of emancipated demons shrieking horribly, and flapping their wide wings; a flock of night-birds flying from the dawn; and all else was darkness, confusion, rolling and rocking about, the screams of women, the shouts of men, curses and prayers, agony, despair, and—peace, deep peace.

"On a sudden, to our great astonishment, all was silent again, oppressively silent; and, but for a swell upon the seas, all still.

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The tornado had rushed by; that troop of Tartar horse, having sacked the village, are departed, now in full retreat: the blackness and the fury are beheld on our lee, hastening across the broad Atlantic to Cuba or Jamaica: and behold, a tranquil temperate sky, a kindly rolling sea, a favouring breeze, and—not a sail, but some slight juryrig, to catch it.

"Many days we drifted like a log upon the waves; provisions running short, and water—water under tropical suns—scantily dealt out in tea-cups. Then, poor old Mackie's health gave way; and I dreaded for her death: one living witness is worth a cart load of cold documents. So I nursed and watched her constantly: till the foolish folks on board began to say I was her son: ah! me, for your sake I wish it had been so.

"And at length, just as some among the sailors were hinting at a mutiny for spirits, and our last case of Gamble's meat was opened for the sick, our look-out on the jurymast gave the welcome note of 'Land!' and soon to us on deck, the heights of St. Helena rose above the

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sea. Towed in by friendly aid, here we are, then, precious Emily, refitting: and, as it must be a week yet before we can be ready, I have taken my old woman to a lodging upon land, and rejoice (what have I to do with joy?) to see her speedily recovering."

The remainder of Charles's long letter is so stupid, so gloomy, so loving, and so little to the purpose, that I take an Editor's privilege, and omit it altogether. Of course, he was coming home again, as soon as the Samarang and Jeanie Mackie would permit.

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CHAPTER XXV.

TRIALS.

THE General recovered; as slowly, indeed, as Emily had, but it is gratifying to add, as surely. And now that loving couple might be seen, weakly creeping out together, when the day was finest: tottering white December leaning on a sickly fragile May. There were no concealments now between them, no reservings, and heart-stricken Emily heard from her repentant father's lips the story of her birth: she was, he said, his own daughter by a native princess, the Begum Dowlia Burruckjutli.

A bitter—bitter truth was that; the destruction of all her hopes, pleasures, and affections. It had now become to her a sin to love that dearest one of all things lovely on

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this earth: duty, paramount and stern, commanded her, without a shadow of reprieve, to execute on herself immediately the terrible sentence of banishing her own betrothed: nay more, she must forget him, erase his precious image from her heart, and never, never see that brother more. And Charles must feel the same, and do the like; oh! sorrow, passing words! and their two commingled souls must be violently wrenched apart; for such love in them were crime.

Dear children of affection,—it is a dreadful lesson this for both of you; but most wise, most needful,—or the hand that guideth all things, never would have sent it. Know ye not for comfort, that ye are of those, to whom all things work together for good? Know ye not for counsel, that the excess of love is an idolatry, that must be blighted? It is well, children, it is well, that ye should thus carry your wounded hearts for balm to the altar of God; it is well that ye should bow in meekness to His will, in readiness to His wisdom. Ye are learning the lesson speedily, as docile chil-

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dren should; and be assured of high reward from the Teacher who hath set it you. Poor Charles! white and wan, thy cheek is grown transparent with anxiety, and thy blue eye dim with hope deferred: poor Emmy, sick and weak, thou weariest heaven with thy prayers, and waterest thy couch with thy tears. Yet, a little while: this discipline is good: storm and wind, frost and rushing rains, are as needful to the forest tree as sun and gentle shower: the root is strengthening, and its fibres spreading out; and loving still each other with the best of human love, ye justly now have found out how to anchor all your strongest hopes, and deepest thoughts, on him who made you for Himself. Who knoweth? wisely acquiescing in His will, humbly trusting to His mercy, and bringing the holocaust of your inflamed affections as an offering of duty to your God,—who knoweth? Can He not interpose? will he not befriend you? For His arm is Power, and His heart is Love.

Days rolled on in dull monotony, and grew to weeks more slowly than before; earthly

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hopes had been levelled with the dust; life had forgotten to be joyous: there was, indeed, the calm, the peace, the resignation, the heavenly antepast, and the soul-entrancing prayer: but human life to Emily was flat, wearisome, and void; she felt like a nun, immolated as to this world: even as Charles, too, had resolved to be an anchorite, a stern, hard mortified man, who once had feelings and affections. The reaction in both those fond young hearts had even overstept the golden mean: and Mercy interposed to make all right, and to bless them in each other once again.

Only look at this billet-doux from Charles, just come in, and dated Plymouth.

"Huzzah,—for Emily and England: huzzah for the land of freedom! no secrets now,—dear dear old Jeanie Mackie has given me proofs positive: all I have to wish is that she could move: but she is very ill; so, as we touched here on the voyage up channel, I landed her and myself, thinking to kiss within a day my darling Emmy. But I cannot get her out of

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bed this morning, and dare not leave her: though an hour's delay seems almost insupportable. If I possibly can manage it, I will bring the dear old faithful creature, wrapped in blankets, by chaise to-morrow. Tell my father all this: and say to him—he will understand, perhaps, though you may not, my blessed girl,—say to him, that 'he is mistaken, and all are mistaken,—you are not what they think you.' A thousand kisses. Expect, then, on bright to-morrow to see your happy, happy

"CHARLES."

"P.S. Hip! hip! hip!—huzzah!"

Dearest Emily had taken up the note with fears and trembling: she laid it down, as they that reap in joy; and I never in my life saw anything so beautiful as her eyes at that glad minute; the smile through the tear, the light through the gloom, the verdure of high summer springing through the Alpine snows, the mild and lustrous moon emerging from a baffled thunder cloud.

And, although the General mournfully shook

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his head, distrustful and despondingly; though he only uttered, "Poor children,—dear children,—would to Heaven that it could be so;" —and he, for one, was evidently inoculated, as before, with all the old thoughts of gloom, sadness, and anxiety;—still Emily hoped,—for Charles hoped,—and Jeanie Mackie was so certain.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

JULIAN.

NEXT day, a fine summer afternoon, when our feeble convalescents had gone out together, they found the fresh air so invigorating, and themselves so much stronger, that they prolonged their walk half-way to Oxton. The pasture-meadows, rich and rank, were alive with flocks and herds; the blue sea lazily beat time, as, ticking out the seconds, it melodiously broke upon the sleeping shore; the darkly-flowing Mullet swept sounding to the sea between its tortuous banks; and upon that old high footpath skirting the stream, now shady with hazels, and now flowery with meadow-sweet, crept our chastened pair.

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Just as they were nearing a sharp angle in the river, the spot where Charles had been preserved, they noticed for the first time a rough-looking fisherman, who, unseen, had tracked their steps some hundred yards; he had a tarpaulin over his shoulders, very unnecessarily, as it would seem, on so fine and warm a day; and a slouching Sou'-Wester, worn askew, flapped across the strange man's face.

He came on quickly, though cautiously, looking right and left; and Emily trembled on her guardian's feeble arm. Yes,—she is right; the fisherman approaches, — she detects him through it all; and now he scorns disguise; flinging off the cap and the tarpaulin, stands before them—Julian!

"So, sir,—you tremble now, do you, gallant General; give me the girl." And he levelled at his father one of those double-barrelled pistols, full-cock.

"Julian, my son,—I forgive you, Julian; take my hand, boy."

"What,—coward? now you can cringe, and

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fawn, ey? back with you!—the girl, I say." For poor Emily, wild with fear, was clinging to that weak old man.

Julian levelled again; indeed, indeed it was only as a threat; but his hand shook with passion—the weapon was full-cock, hair-triggered, —shotted heavily as always,—hark, hark!—And his father fell upon the turf covered with blood!

When a wicked man tampers with unintended crime, even accident falls out against him. Many a one has richly merited death for many other sins, than that isolated, haply accidental one which he was hanged for.

Julian, horror-stricken, pale and trembling, flew instinctively to help his father: but Emily has circled him already with her arms; and listen, Julian,—your dying father speaks to you.

"Boy, I forgive—I forgive: but—Emily, no no, cannot, cannot be,—Julian,—she,—she—is your *sister!*" and the old man swooned away, from loss of blood, and the excitement of that awful scene.

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Not a word in reply said that poor sinner, maddened with his life long crimes, the fratricide in will, the parricide in deed, and all for—a sister. But growing whiter as he stood, a marble man with bristling hair, he slowly drew the other pistol from his pocket, put the muzzle to his mouth, and, firing as he fell, leapt into the darkly-flowing Mullet!

The current, all too violent to sink in, and uncommissioned now to save, hurried its black burden to the sea; and a crimson streak of gore marked the track of the Suicide.

The old man was not dead; but a brace of bullets taking effect upon his feeble frame, one through the shoulder, and another which had grazed his head, had been quite enough to make him seem so. Forgetful of all but that dear sufferer, and totally ignorant of Julian's fate,—for she neither saw nor heard anything, nor feared even for her own imminent peril, while her father lay dying on the grass,—Emily had torn off her scarf, and bound up, as well as she could, the ghastly scored head

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and broken shoulder. She succeeded in staunching the blood,—for no great vessel had been severed,—and so simple an application as grass dipped in water, proved to be a good specific. Then, to her exceeding joy, those eyes opened again, and that dear tongue faintly whispered,—" bless you."

Oh that blessing! for it fell upon her heart: and fervently she knelt down there, and thanked the Great Preserver.

And now, for friendly help; there is no one near: and it is growing dusk; and she dare not leave him there alone one minute—for Julian, dreaded Julian, may return and kill him. What shall she do? How to get him home? Alas, alas, he may die where he is lying.

Hark, Emmy, hark,—the shouts of happy children bursting out of school! see, dearest see,—here they come homewards merrily from Oxton!

Thus, rewarded through the instrumentality of her own benevolence, help was speedily

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obtained; and Mrs. Sainsbury's invalid chair, hurried to the spot by an escort of indignant rustics, soon conveyed the recovering patient to the comforts of his own home, and the appliances of medical assistance.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES'S RETURN; AND MRS. MACKIE'S EXPLANATION.

And now the happy day was come at length; that day formerly so hoped-for, latterly so feared, but last of all, hailed with the joy that trembles at its own intensity. The very morning after the sad occurrences it has just been my lot to chronicle,—while the General was having his wounds drest, slight ones happily, but still he was not safe, as inflammation might ensue,—while Mrs. Tracy was indulging in her third tumbler, mixed to whet her appetite for shrimps,—and while Emily was deciphering, for the forty thousandth time, Charles' sanguine billet-doux,—lo, a dusty chaise and smoking posters, and a sunburnt young fellow springing out, and, just upon the stairs,—they were locked in each others' arms!

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Oh, the rapture of that instant! it can but happen once within a life. Ye that have loved, remember such a meeting; and ye that never loved, conceive it if you can; for my pen hath little skill to paint so bright a pleasure. It is to be all heart, all pulse, all sympathy, all spirit,—but the warm soft kiss, that rarified bloom of the Material.

How the sick old nurse got out, cased in many blankets; how she was bundled up stairs, and deposited safely on a sofa, no poet is alive to sing: to those who would record the payment of postilions, let me leave so sweet a theme.

The first fond greetings over, and those tumults of affection sobered down, Charles rejoiced to find how lovingly the General met him; the kind and good old man fell upon his neck, as the father in the parable. Many things were then to be made known; and many questions answered, as best might be, about a mother and a brother; but well aware of all things ourselves, let us be satisfied that Charles heard in due time, all they had to tell him; though

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neither Emily nor the General could explain what had become of Julian after that terrible encounter. In their belief, he had fled for very life, thinking he had killed his father. Poor wretched man, — thought Charles, — on that same spot too, where he would have murdered me!—And for his mother,—why came she not down eagerly and happily, as mothers ever do, to greet her long-lost son? Do not ask, Charles; do not press the question. Think her ill, dying, dead,—anything but—drunken. He ran to her room-door; but it was locked—luckily.

Now, Charles, now speedily to business: happy business that, if I may trust the lover's flushing cheek, and Emily's radiant eyes; but a mournful one too, and a fearful, if I turn my glance to that poor old man, wounded in body and stricken in mind,—who waits to hear, in more despondency than hope, what he knows to be the bitter truth,—the truth that must be told, to the misery of those dear children.

Faint and weak though she appeared, Jeanie Mackie's waning life spirited up for the occasion;

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her dim eye kindled; her feeble frame was straight and strong; energy nerved her as she spoke; this hour is the errand of her being.

Long she spoke, and loudly, in her broad Scotch way; and the General objected many things, but was answered to them all; and there was close cross-questioning, slow caution, keen examination of documents and letters: catechisms, solecisms, Scotisms; reminiscences rubbed up, mistakes corrected; and the grand result of all, Emily a Stuart, and the General not her father! I am only enabled to give a brief account of that important colloquy.

It appears, that when Captain Tracy's company was quartered to the west of Gwalior, sent thither to guard the Begum Dowlia against sundry of her disaffected subjects, a certain Lieutenant James Stuart was one among those welcome brave allies. That our gallant Tracy was the beautiful Begum's favourite soon became notorious to all; and not less so, that the Begum herself was pre-

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cisely in the same interesting situation as Mrs. James Stuart. The two ladies, Pagan and Christian, were, technically speaking, running a race together. Well, just as times drew nigh, poor Lieutenant Stuart was unfortunately killed in an insurrection headed by some fanatics, who disapproved of foreign friends, and perhaps of their Princess's situation. His death proved fatal also to that kind and faithful wife of his, — a dark Italian lady of high family, whose love for James had led her to follow him even into Central Hindostan: she died in giving birth to a babe; and Jeanie Mackie, the Lieutenant's own foster-mother, who waited on his wife through all their travels, assisted the poor orphan into this bleak world, and loved it as her own.

Two days after all this, the Begum herself had need of Mrs. Mackie: for it was prudent to conceal some things, if she could, from certain Brahmins, who were to her what John Knox had erstwhile been to Mary: and Jeanie Mackie, burdened with her little Amy Stuart, aided in the birth of a female Tracy-Begum. So, the

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nurse tended both babes; and more than once had marvelled at their general resemblance: Amy's mother looked out again from those dark eyes; there was not a shade between the children.

Now, Mrs. Mackie perceived, in a very little while, how fond both Christian and Pagan appeared of their own child; and how little notice was taken by anybody of the poor Scotch gentleman's orphan. Accordingly, with a view to give her favourite all worldly advantages, she adroitly changed the children; and, while she was still kind and motherly to the little Tracy-Begum, she had the satisfaction to see her pet supposititiously brought up in all the splendours of an Eastern court.

Years wore away, for Captain Tracy was quite happy, the Begum being a fine showy woman, and the pretty child his playmate and pastime: so he never cared to stir from his rich quarters, till the Company's orders forced him: and then Puttymuddyfudgepoor hailed him accumulatively both Major and Colonel.

When he found that he must go, he insisted

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on carrying off the child; and the Begum was as resolute against it. Then Mrs. Mackie, eager to expedite little Stuart in her escape, went to the princess, told her how that, in anticipation of this day, she had changed the children, and got great rewards for thus restoring to the mother her own offspring.

The remainder of that old Scotch nurse's very prosy tale may be left to be imagined: for all that was essential has been stated: and the documents in proof of all were these:—

First: the marriage certificates of James Stuart and Ami di Romagna, duly attested, both in the Protestant and Romanist forms.

Secondly: divers letters to Lieutenant Stuart from his friends at Glenmuir; others to Mrs. Stuart, from her father, the old Marquis di Romagna, at Naples: several trinkets, locks of hair, the wedding-ring, &c.

Thirdly: a grant, written in the Hindostanee character, from the Begum Dowlia, promising the pension of thirty rupees a month to Jeanie Mackie, for having so cleverly preserved to her the child: together with a regular judicial ac-

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knowledgment, both from several of Tracy's own sepoys, and from the Begum herself, that the girl, whom Captain Tracy was so fond of, was, to the best of their belief, Amy Stuart.

Fourthly: a miniature of Mrs. James Stuart, exactly pourtraying the features of her daughter,—this bright beautiful dark-eyed face, our own beloved Emily Warren.

And to all that accumulated evidence, Jeanie Mackie bore her living testimony; clearly, unhesitatingly, and well-assured, in the face of God and man.

Doubt was at an end; fear was at an end; hope was come, and joy. Happy were the lovers, happier Jeanie Mackie, but happiest of all appeared the General himself. For now she might be his daughter indeed, sweet Emmy Tracy still, dear Charles's loving wife. And he blessed them as they knelt, and gave them to each other; well-rewarded children of affection, who had prayed in their distress!

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULIAN TURNS UP: AND THERE 'S AN END OF MRS. TRACY.

THERE is a muddy sort of sand-bank, acting as a delta to the Mullet, just where it spreads from deep to shallow, and falls into the sea. Strange wild fowl abound there, coming from the upper clouds in flocks: and at high water, very little else but rushes can be seen, to testify its submarine existence.

A knot of fishermen, idling on the beach, have noticed an uncommon flight of Royston crows gathered at the island, with the object, as would appear, of battening on a dead porpoise, or some such body, just discernible among the rushes. Stop, — that black heap may be kegs of whiskey;—where 's the glass?

Every one looked: it warn't barrels,—and it

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warn't a porpoise: what was it, then? they had universally nothing on earth to do, so they pushed off in company to see.

I watched the party off, and they poked among the rushes, and heaved out what seemed to me a seal: so I ran down to the beach to look at the strange creature they had captured. Something wrapped in a sail; no doubt for exhibition at per head.

But they brought out that black burden solemnly, laying it on the beach at Burleigh: a crowd quickly collected round them, that I could not see the creature: and some ran for a magistrate, and some for a parson. Then, men in office came, — made a way through the crowd, and I got near: so near, that my foolish curiosity lifted up the sail, and I beheld —what had been Julian.

O, sickening sight: for all which the pistol had spared of that swart and hairy face, had been preyed upon by birds and fishes!

There was a hurried inquest: the poor General and Emily deposed to what they knew, and the rustics, who escorted him from Oxton. The verdict could be only one,—self-murder.

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So, by night, on that same swampy island, when the tide was low, they buried him, deeply staked into the soil, lest the waves should disinter him, without a parting prayer. Such is the end of the wicked.

In a day or two, I noticed that a rude wooden cross had been set over the spot: and it gratified me much to hear that a rough-looking crew of smugglers had boldly come and fixed it there, to hallow, if they could, a comrade's grave.

However, these poor fellows had been cheated hours before: Charles' brotherly care had secured the poor remains, and the vicar winked a blind permission: so Charles buried them by night in the church-yard corner, under the yew, reading many prayers above them.

Two fierce-looking strange men went to that burial with reverent looks, as it were chief mourners; and when all the rites were done, I heard them gruffly say to Charles, "God bless you, sir, for this!"

When the mother heard those tidings of her son, she was sobered on the instant, and ran

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about the house with all a mother's grief, shrieking like a mad woman. But all her shrieks and tears could not bring back poor Julian; deep, deep in the silent grave, she cannot wake him,—cannot kiss him now. Ah well! ah well!

Then did did she return to his dear room, desperate for him and—Hollands; once, twice, thrice, she poured out a full tumbler of the burning fluid, and drank it off like water; and it maddened her brain: her mind was in a frenzy of delirium, while her body shook as with a palsy.

Let us draw the curtain; for she died that night.

They buried her in aunt Green's grave: what a meeting theirs will be at the Day of Resurrection!

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD SCOTCH NURSE GOES HOME.

Six months at least,—this is clearly not a story of the Unities,—six months' interval must now elapse before the wedding day. Charles and Emmy,—for he called her Emmy still, though Jeanie Mackie would persist in mouthing it to "Aamy,"—wished to have delayed a year, in respect for the memory of those, who, with all their crime and folly, were not the less a mother and a brother: but the General would not hear of such a thing; he was growing very old, he said; although actually he seemed to have taken out a new lease of life, so young again and buoyant was the new-found heart within him; and thus growing old, he was full of fatherly fear that he

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should not live to see his children's happiness. It was only reasonable and proper that our pair of cooing doves should acquiesce in his desire.

Meanwhile, I am truly sorry to say it, Jeanie Mackie died; for it would have been a good novel-like incident to have suffered the faithful old creature to have witnessed her favourite's wedding, and then to have been forthwith killed out of the way, by—perishing in the vestry. However, things were ordered otherwise, and Jeanie Mackie did not live to see the wedding: if you wish to know how and where she died, let me tell you at once.

Scotland, — Argyllshire, — Glenmuir; this was the focus of her hopes and thoughts,—that poor old Indian exile! She had left it, as a buxom bright-haired lassie; but oaks had now grown old that she had planted acorns; and grandmothers had died palsied, whom she remembered born; still, around the mountains and the lakes, those changeless features of her girlhood's rugged home, the old woman's memory wandered; they were pictured in her mind's

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eye hard, and clear, and definite as if she looked upon them now. And her soul's deep hope was to see them once again.

There was yet another object which made her yearn for Scotland. Lieutenant Stuart had been the younger of two brothers, the eldest born of whom became, upon his father's, the old laird's, death, Glenmuir and Glenmurdock. Now, though twice married, this elder brother, the new laird, never had a child; and the clear consequence was, that Amy Stuart was likely to become sole heiress of her ancestor's possessions. The Lieutenant's marriage with an Italian and a Romanist had been, doubtless, anything but pleasant to his friends; the strict old Presbyterians, and the proud unsullied family of Stuart, could not palate it at all. Nevertheless, he did marry the girl, according to the rites of both churches, and there was an end of it; so innumerable proverbs coming to their aid about "curing and enduring" and "must be's," and the place where "marriages are made," &c., the several aunts and cousins were persuaded at length to

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wink at the iniquity, and to correspond both with Mrs. James and her backsliding lieutenant. Of the offspring of that marriage, and her orphaned state, and of Mrs. Mackie's care, and the indefinite detention in central Hindostan, they had heard oftentimes; for, as there is no corner of the world where a Scot may not be met with, so, with laudable nationality, they all hang together; and Glenmuir was written to frequently, all about the child, through Jeanie Mackie, "her mark," and a scholarly serjeant, Duncan Blair.

Amy's rights,—or Emmy let us call her still, as Charles did,—were now, therefore, the next object of Mrs. Mackie's zeal; and all parties interested willingly listened to the plan, of spending one or two of those weary weeks in rubbing up relationships in Scotland; the General also was not a little anxious about heritage and acres. Accordingly, off they set in the new travelling carriage, with due notice of approach, heartily welcomed, to Dunstowr Castle, the fine old feudal stronghold of Robert Stuart, Laird of Glenmuir and Glenmurdock.

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The journey, the arrival, and the hearty hospitality; and how the grey old chieftain kissed his pretty niece; and how welcome her betrothed Charles and her kind lifelong guardian, and her faithful nurse were made; and how the beacons blazed upon the hilltops, and the mustering clan gathered round about old Dunstowr; and how the laird presented to them all their beautiful future mistress; and how Jeanie Mackie and her documents travelled up to Edinburgh, where writers to the signet pestered her heart-sick with over-caution; and how the case was all cleared up, and the distant disappointed cousin, who had irrationally hoped to be the heir, was gladdened, if not satisfied, with a pension and a cantle of Glenmuir; and how all was joyfulness and feasting, when Amy Stuart was acknowledged in her rights,—the bagpipes and the wassail, salmon, and deer, and blackcock, with a river of mountain dew: let others tell who know Durstowr; for as I never was there, of course I cannot faithfully describe it. Should such an historian as I condescend to sheer inventions?

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With respect to Jeanie Mackie, I could learn no more than this: she was sprightly and lively, and strong as ever, though in her ninetieth year, till her foster-child was righted, and the lawyers had allowed her claim. But then there seemed nothing else to live for; so her life gradually faded from her eye, as an expiring candle; and she would doze by the hour, sitting on a settle in the sun, basking her old heart in the smile of those old mountains. None knew when she died, to a minute; for she died sitting in the sun, in the smile of those old mountains.

They buried her, with much of rustic pomp, in the hillchurch of Glenmuir, where all her fathers slept around her; and Emily and Charles, hand-in-hand, walked behind her coffin mournfully.

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CHAPTER XXX.

FINAL.

GLADLY would the Laird have had the marriage at Dunstowr, and have given away the beauteous bride himself: but there must still be two months more of decent mourning, and the General had long learned to sigh for the maligned delights of Burleigh-Singleton. So, Glenmuir could only get a promise of re-appearance some fine summer or other: and, after another day's deer-stalking, which made the General repudiate telescopes from that day forth (the poor man's eyes had actually grown lobster-like with straining after antlers,) —the travelling-carriage, and four lean kine from Inverary, whisked away the trio towards the South.

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And now, in due time, were the Tamworths full of joy, congratulating, sympathizing, merry-making: and the three young ladies behaved admirably in the capacity of pink and silver bridesmaids; while George proved equally kind in attending (as he called it) Charles's "execution," wherein he was "turned off;" and the Admiral, G.C.B., was so hand-in-glove with the General, H.E.I.C.S., that I have reason to believe they must have sworn eternal friendship, after the manner of the modern Germans.

How beautiful our Emmy looked—I hate that broad Scotch Aamy,—how bright her flashing eyes, and how fragrantly the orange-blossoms clustered in her rich brown hair;—let him speak lengthily, whose province it may be to spin three volumes out of one: for me, I always wish to recollect that readers possess, on the average, at least as much imagination as writers. And why should you not exercise it now? Is not Emmy in her bridal dress a theme well worth a reverie?

For a similar reason, I must clearly disap-

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point feminine expectation, by forbearing to descant upon Charles's slight but manly form, and his Grecian beauty, &c., all the better for the tropics, and the trials, and the troubles he had passed.

When Captain Forbes, just sitting down to his soup in the Jamaica Coffee-house, read in the Morning Post, the marriage of Charles Tracy with Amy Stuart, he delivered himself mentally as follows:

"There now: poets talk of 'Love,' and I stick to 'human nature.' When that fine young fellow sailed with me, hardly a year ago, in the Sir William Elphinston, he was over head and heels in love with old Jack Tracy's pretty girl, Emily Warren: but I knew it wouldn't last long: I don't believe in constancy for longer than a week. It does one's heart good to see how right one is; here's what I call proof. My sentimental spark kisses Emily Warren, and marries Amy Stuart!" The Captain, happier than before, called complacently for Cayenne pepper, and relished his mock-turtle with a higher gusto.

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It is worth recording, that the same change of name mystified slanderous friends in the Presidency of Madras.

And now, kind-eyed Reader, this story of "The Twins" must leave off abruptly at the wedding. As in its companion-tale "The Crock of Gold," one grand thesis for our thoughts was that holy wise command, "Thou shalt not covet," and as its other comrade "Heart" is founded on "Thou shalt not bear false witness," so in this, the seed-corn of the crop were five pure words, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Other morals doubtless grew up round us, for all virtue hangs together in a bunch: the harms of secresy, false witness, inordinate affections, and red murder: but in chief, as we have said.

Moreover, I wish distinctly to make known, for dear "domestic" sake, that so far from our lovers' happiness having been consummated (that is, finished), in the honeymoon,—it was only then begun. How long they are to live thus happily together, Heaven, who wills all things good, alone can tell: I wish them three-

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score years. Little ones, I hear, arrive annually; to the unqualified joy, not merely of papa and mamma, but also of our communicative old General, his friend the G.C.B., and (all but most of any,) the Laird of Glenmuir and Glenmurdock: whose heart has been entirely rejoiced by Charles Tracy having added to his name, and to his children's names, that of Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Stuart are often at Glenmuir; but oftener at Burleigh, where the General, I fancy, still resides. He protests that he never will keep a secret again: long may he live to say so!

THE END.

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POSTSCRIPT.

My story has come to a decent end, but it seems my book has not. These compositorial difficulties are among the minor tribulations of modern authorship. The publisher, (to whom alone belong matters of price and modes of publication,) has to present before the hungry world of readers not merely fruits of literature and roots of science, but volumes full of words legibly set up, of certain well-defined dimensions: and it has been my fate, in both these tales, "The Twins," and "Heart," never once to have given a thought to mere affairs of book-making: contrarywise, my object ever has been concentration, not dilution. A bad calculator of my own cacography, "The Crock" was too long, and these are too short. They err in

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goodly company: the pages of a post octavo would not have been scant enough for noble Rasselas, the loves of Paul and Virginia, Wakefield's honest Vicar and his troubles, pure Rosamund Gray, or the patient Exiles of Siberia: haply, those classics of the fancy would now-a-days, for mere reasons of merchandize and longitude, find themselves postponed, as publisher's Novels, to Sir Charles Grandison or Allagiornata. However, it is ill to fight against the spirit of one's age; and, in all fairness let it be acknowledged, that this spirit is an equitable one, measuring with the clothyard, and weighing with the steelyard; demanding, obviously to the senses, a sufficient *quid pro quo;* and, if a publisher make books of novel-price, requiring of the author his tale of novel-pages.

Let me hope, in all humility and egotism, (for I neither will third-personate myself, nor affect the royal We,) that the pensive public thereby shall be gainers: for in order to complete my grateful task of pleasing them, if haply they will suffer me to do so, I have

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resolved not to attempt lengthier detail in these stories, nor yet to pen in haste any less digested fancies. I will neither be tasked nor hurried: self-respect on one side, and veneration for the kindly world of readers on the other, forbid both alternatives. Accordingly, instead of diluted liquors, and in preference to very new wine, let me offer humbly to your generous acceptation, a taste or two of sundry matters, archived till to-day among my hitherto unpublished MSS.

The first, and most considerable, shall be the poem following; one which private friends have seen in print some time, and have often said they wished to see made public. It concerns a well-known chapel-crowned hill, in the neighbourhood of Guildford, near to pleasant Albury, and overlooking several counties, especially Surrey and Hampshire. Being a poem of locality, the neighbours will understand it all, better than a stranger; but I hope nothing can be much misunderstood. For explanatory note, however, take these sentences. There is an ancient 'Pilgrims' way' leading over the

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hill,—said to be an uninterrupted right of way between Canterbury and Winchester: paper-mills, and gunpowder mills lie among the ponds around: I have dug up many Roman coins on "Farley-heath:" Puny-hill is surmounted by a telegraph: Booker's tower is a modern building, the look-out of a Guildford citizen: other allusions concern the Union Workhouse; the desecration of Albury old church; the ruinous condition of St. Martha's chapel; circles of yew-trees on the downs, probably planted by the Druids; historical hints; and scenic descriptions. "St. Martha's," was more anciently and fitly called "Martyr's Hill;" indeed, the simpler country folk, amongst whom tradition ever lingers longest, name the place so still: and a rude ironstone ruin, immemorially old, at one end of the present dilapidated little chapel, is believed to be the site of some fameless martyr's grave. I wish that the publication of this poem may direct attention to the subject of restoring that time-honoured house of prayer: there is a good spirit now abroad both in the city and in the field, seeking to do

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God service, by raising up again his ruined fanes. Let me direct its beautiful feet, and widely-fanning wings, to poor

ST. MARTHA'S.

Holy precinct, mount of God,
Where saints have bled, and pilgrims trod,
Martyrs' hill—thy nobler name,
Martyrs' hill—thy fairer fame
Than as call'd of her, whose heart
Chose but late the better part,—
Unto thee my praise I bring,
Thee my soul delights to sing.

Lo, the glorious landscape round!
Tread we not enchanted ground?
From this bold and breezy height
The charm'd eye sends its eagle flight
O'er the panoramic scene,
Undulating, rich, and green;
And with various pleasure roves
From hill and dale, to fields and groves,
Till the prospect mingling grey
With the horizon fades away,

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Shutting in the distant view
By fainter lines of glimmering blue.

Start we from the warm South-East;
Spread the fine pictorial feast:
There, the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath;
Nearer, Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-ball, and Ewhurst mill,
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fringed knoll,
Hind-head, and the Devil's-Bowl,
With peeps of far South-downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

Like a thunder-cloud, beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath.
Scattered coins have sealed the sod
A classic site that Rome has trod,
Field of many a desperate strife
For conquest, liberty, or life,
When the legion's sullen tramp
Echoed oft from Farley-camp,
And some Cæsar's ruthless sword
Reap'd the rude barbarian horde,
Britons, patriots, free brave men,
But unskill'd to conquer—then.

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Turn we to this woodland shade,
Beyond the Hanger's hazel glade.
Ah! 'tis sad, though little strange,
That times, and things, and men should change;
Sad, though little strange, to see
Albury, such sad change in thee.
Thou wert in my infant dreams,
My childish pranks, my schoolday schemes;
My heart's young home, my pride and praise;
Playground of my boyish days;
Link'd with learning, goodness, truth,
To the story of my youth;
Mixt with hope's romantic plan,
And loved,—now years have made me man.
But—for me thy praise is fled,
All of good, or beauteous—dead;
Thy sweet prime, too fair to last,
Spring-like came, and smiled, and past;
And I note, adown the Vale,
Thy good-angel wandering pale,
With folded wing and tearful eye
Mourning for the days gone by;
Now, like some white wounded deer
Hiding in the greenwood here;
Now, beside that old church, faint
Leaning, like a dying saint.

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Away : regard we yet again
Nature's beauty,—and her bane :
Alas ! that man should e'er intrude
Where all but he are glad and good,—
Alas, for yonder fairy glen,
Nature's Eden, vext with men !
Mammon, from those long white mills
With foggy steam the prospect fills ;
Chimneys red with sulphurous smoke
Blight those hanging groves of oak ;
And sylvan Quiet's gentle scenes
List—to the clatter of machines.
Yet more, in yonder rural dell
Where sylphs and fauns might love to dwell,
Among those alders, by the stream
Stealing on with silver gleam,
Blackened huts, set wide apart,
Grind their dark grain for murder's mart,
Or bursting with explosive might
Rage, and roar, and blast, and blight.

Enough, enough of toilsome Art ;
Fresh sweet Nature woos thy heart :
Gaze then on this western plain,
A woody, various, rich champaign ;

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Each in its hollow nestling down,
The farm, the village, or the town;
Field on field, and grove on grove,
Wavelike, far as eye can rove,
Till intersecting lines of hill
The blue horizon faintly fill.

And, while thy spirit praises Earth,
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,
Forget not thou this glorious Sky,
Oh! lift thine eyes, thy heart on high;
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope, or have,
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold;
Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sail in seas of azure light;
Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the Sky;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

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Earthward once again; the North!
Draw its good, its evil, forth:
Mile beyond mile of waving field,
Rare to see, and rich to yield;
The frequent village round its spire;
The snug domain of rural squire;
Yon dusky tract of Waste and Moss;
That iron road-way drawn across;
Windsor, throned o'er half the land;
And gambling Epsom's far-famed stand;
While the dim distance in a shroud
Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

Near us, Guildford's ancient town
Between the hills is hiding down;
Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged about its castle-keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower.
Like some warder at his post
Honest Booker's lofty boast,
Fine and feudal, shames outright
Puny's telegraphic height,
While it overtops with pride
All the vassal scene beside,

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And, above that verdant swell,
Sainted Catherine's Gothic cell.

Westward thence, a narrow track,
Stretches far the bare Hog's-back:
Ridging up, with hilly sides,
Lo, the bristling Boar divides
Right and left a kindred scene,
Purple moors and meadows green,
Or those seeming-vineyards wide,
Farnham's wealth, and Surrey's pride.

Forth from Merroe's happy plain
And noble Clandon's rich domain,
Newland's heights, and Coombe beyond,
And nutty Sherbourne's crystal pond,
Eastward to the landscape's end
The sloping chalky Downs extend,
Primal still, by man untamed,
Fresh, unbounded, unreclaim'd:
Now, a lawn of herbage sweet,
Smooth as velvet to the feet,
Now a jungle, matted dense,
A wilderness of briar-fence;
Here, an earthwork, fosse and mound;
There, a race-course curving round;

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Hollow'd pits, where in old times
Bad marauders hid their crimes;
Sad sepulchral groves of yew
Solemn ranged in order due,
Seeming of primeval birth,
Solid as the ribs of earth,
Where white Druids, days of yore,
Roam'd those mystic circles o'er,
Or calm kneeling on the sod
Wisely worship'd Nature's God.

Yes, modern; would thy pride condemn
Or shall thy wisdom pity them?
They built no prisons for—the poor,
Begging free from door to door;
Their foolish mercy did not strive
To give the least that keeps alive;
Their charity sought not to know
How little poor men need below.
But thou,—what means yon human pound,
Brick'd, and barr'd, and well wall'd round?
But that to thy shame and scorn
Penal poverty may mourn
How falsely christen'd liberals prove
Words by deeds, and faith by love:

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For here, unpitied, spurn'd, alone,
The British slave must grind and groan,
Torn from children, friends, and wife,
And buried in the midst of life.

O man, thy love is chill and small;
O nature thou art kind to all:
This full wide theatre of views
Bathed in Autumn's rainbow hues
Recreates my freshen'd sight
Soft with shade, and rich with light,
And, saved from thoughts of pride and pelf,
Restores me to my cheerful self.

Let then a lateborn son of Time
Shadow forth the Past sublime,
And while, the greensward laid along,
He weaves his meditative song,
Tell what various tribes have trod
With various hopes this ancient sod.
The painted Briton, years of yore,
Hunting down the wolf or boar;
The Roman watcher, posted here
Leaning on his iron spear;

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The fair-hair'd Angle, piling high
Beacon-fires against the sky ;
With vulture-eyes the hungry Dane
Gloating o'er the fertile plain ;
Patriot Saxons, who withstood
The Norman, conquering for good ;
Monks, to bless with book and bell ;
Crusaders, bidding all farewell ;
Footsore Pilgrims, hither come
Midway from St. Becket's tomb ;
Round-heads, chaunting rebel pray'rs ;
Gay devoted Cavaliers ;
Rustics, on the Sabbath-day
Duly toiling up to pray ;
Mourners, weeping round the bier
Brought for humble burial here ;
And thousands, more, in dresses quaint,
Than tongue can tell, or pencil paint,
Have laugh'd, or wept, or fought their fill,
Or lived, or died, on Martyrs' Hill.

Martyrs' Hill !—before my mind
Rise the triumphs of Mankind ;
Martyrs' Hill !—and to my thought
Back the crimes of men are brought :

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Yea ;—for on this sacred sod
Doubtless perish'd saints of God,
And Elijah's chariot came
Mingling with the martyrs' flame,
To bear them from that awestruck crowd
In robes of light, on thrones of cloud.

Then, the seed of holy blood
Gave its hundredfold of good ;
Barbarians heard, and thought, and felt,
Glow'd, admir'd, and mourn'd, and knelt ;
Their very murderers came in fear
To bless the sainted victims here,
Penitent, with zealous haste
Aloft the rustic temple placed,
Keyless arches, rough and round,
Spanning high the blood-stained ground,
Of iron-sandstone rudely built,
Memorial of their grief—and guilt.

Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
Added all this Gothic East,—
The modest choir and transepts twain,
Fitting well the Christian fane,

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Windows, deck'd in colours rich,
The pointed arch and florid niche,—
Contrast to yon Saxon nave
That simply mark'd the martyr's grave.

Swept along fate's rolling tide
Generations lived, and died,
Thronging in succession there
With the sacrifice of pray'r:
And a Martha's dubious name
Half eclips'd that better fame,
Symbol of degenerate years
When earth usurps our hopes and fears.
Ages came, and ages past;
Till the flood of Time at last
Wafted on the modern race
Loving gain, and hating grace:
So we draw to thy decay
Silent ruin of to-day,
An evil day of evil deeds
Selfish sects and wrangling creeds,
When faith is dead, and zeal grown cold,
And churches can be bought and sold,
Or left a prey to rot and rain,
For lack of grace, and lust of gain.

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Ruin, I have loved thee long,
And owed for years this humble song;
While I pay the grateful debt,
Hear me one petition yet.
When in God's good time and way
I wake upon my dying day,
Should I still beneath thee dwell,
As my spirit sighs farewell,
Let the shadows from thy wall
Be my hallow'd funeral pall;
Let no city's close church-yard
Steal from thee thy native bard:
But where now I careless lie
Make me welcome when I die;
On this thyme enamell'd height
Let me bid the world goodnight:
Sacred to my memory be
All the scene that circles thee;
And plant o'er me, in goodwill,
A plain stone-cross on Martyrs' Hill.

Bathos and pathos, in equal measure, fill up human life: if ever we manage to climb a hill, be it a St. Martha's of elevated sentiment, some height of fancy, or some one of the pin-

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nacles of intellect, it always is man's fate to have to come down again, as speedily as may be. Socrates, walking home after some exalted lecture on morals, is sure to find Xantippe waiting to give him lectures of another sort; the spiritual man must eat and drink,—haply, even bacon and beer; the astronomer leaves off star-gazing to get into an omnibus; poets have other drudgery to do, besides belabouring Pegasus; and the most philosophical of pundits is quite thrown off his transcendental balance by the torments of a tooth-ache, or sea-sickness. Man was never meant to live on stilts: he may use them now and then (if indeed he ever has the skill to do it), just to lift him out of the mud, to give him an occasional bird's-eye view of things, and to set him up a foot or two above his fellows. But it will not do for long: stilts may be tiresome to self, and troublesome to friends. Therefore, will we come down a little. Look kindly, friends, upon this pair of tales that follow: should they displease, at most there is not much of them; but I will count on better things: and if that

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hard-visaged judge with a hard-looking name, hight Hyper-criticism, "considers it his duty" to condemn me for them, let him do it an' he will; we shall not quarrel: I will join him in his verdict about such "small deer."

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THE PHRENOLOGIST;

A TALE OF A HEAD.

Shewing that every development on the Cranium need not have proceeded from the Brains.

FEW men have given themselves credit for greater advances in philosophy than Mr. Cornelius Wiggy. In fact, he had every pretension in the fullest vigour; he welcomed the commonest assertion with sagacious doubt, and professed himself open to new convictions on all things whatsoever. In the voice of history he recognised a very bungling fabricator of old wives' fables, which it behoved himself and *Neighbours* to detect: and as for his mother's Bible, what with Jewish prejudices and Oriental imagery, the whole book fell through his sifting fingers. He profoundly considered the Pagan Oracles quite as wise, useful, true, and

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honest,—or pretty nearly so, at least,—as all more modernized establishments of priests and churches; and magnanimously theorized in single sageness that Homer, and Herodotus, and Moses, and, for aught I know, Milton too, were compilations of the monks in the dark ages:—truly, very indolent, ignorant monks must those have been, and the ages, when they laboured, of the darkest!

But with all his heroic affectation of the sceptical, credulity was mingled not a little in the mighty mind of Wiggy: he who had ridiculed the Deluge, could tremble on St. Patrick's eve at Dr. Dee's most disappointing earthquake: the magnetic revelations of the sisters Hookey he held to be infallible; he squared his daily life by Zadkiel, Murphy, and Francis Moore, Physician; he believed in O'Kennell's patriotism, and in the honesty of Lord John Bustle; he thought that Bernard Cavanagh lived on air rather than on sausages, accepted Father Mathew's miraculous mission, and stuck devoutly to every doctrine of the late Mr. Jeremy Bumptious. But, above and

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beyond all these peculiarities, he was so very bald, and had so truly Ciceronian a cranium, (decorated withal by so many predestinative protuberances, each betokening some specific virtue,) that I for one should have marvelled much had he not been known as a distinguished Phrenologist.

Yes, this indeed, — Phrenology (he loved that glorious tetrasyllable)—was the one great business of his life, his forte and his fame, his dream by night and reverie by day. How had it enabled him to detect historic frauds: since the Trajan of coins had a flat low head, he must have been a second Nero; and seeing that Tiberius displayed a noble numismatic brow, he must have been a prior Antoninus: that William Pitt had been little better than a fool he was sure, from the smallness of his knowledge-box; and by parity of reasoning, he reverenced Mr. Joseph Humm for the size of that necessary organ. Like all other hobbies philosophical, *his* was to renovate mankind; and it scarcely shook his faith to find that the most barbarous tribes of North American In-

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dians had, of old time, furnished abundant practice to illustrate his novel theory: for he maintained that, by compression, the skull might be made conical, and *therefore* moral, and contended, è converso, that every man's habits of mind and peculiar pursuits are traceable and written on his undulating scalp. How little thought Cornelius of the singular development soon to be displayed upon his own!

For so it happened, that a maiden lady of a certain age lived two doors off, with whose christian name alone, Matilda to wit, we need to burden our memories: forasmuch as the superfluous surname is destined, in the course of this veracious history, to suffer matrimonial metamorphosis. This spinster, (like all others, I suppose,) had once been young, had bloomed with at least *la beautè de la jeunesse*, and—however incredible under existing aspects—had loved and been beloved with more than common ardour. Poor soul, the world was all against her in her dark and desolate youth; she had long been a dependent, miserably so, on the caprice of peevish age, that would still

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doggedly live on, unceasingly dissatisfied: the lover of her girlhood, an honest mate in the merchant-service, had waited (fine fellow!) some five-and-thirty years for his now ideal "pretty Matty," and had just arrived at the dignity of fifty-four, and of styling himself Captain Thomas Tarline, when that grumbling old nonagenarian at last expired. I am no more hypocritical than the blunt sea-captain, and cannot say they wept: on the contrary, freed from that selfish incubus, and disenthralled from the humbling captivity which had so long embittered life, our constant pair of aged turtledoves had resolved to make the most of such few years as might remain for them, and marry forthwith.

But Cornelius Wiggy, if a philosopher, and above all a phrenologist, also was a man; and, however hardened he had proved his baccalaurean heart during a long series of years against the unendowed perfections of Matilda, (for oft-times had he teaed and cribbaged there with the mummied grumbler, in eager expectation of a codicil,) he now, with all his lore and logic,

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found himself little proof against a legatee; for Miss Matilda at length found herself mistress of No. 9 in fee-simple, with its tiny latticed garden, and a *corps de reserve* of three thousand charms in reduced navy five per cents. Accordingly, spurning blunt Tarline as the most innocuous of rivals, and little heeding how efficiently love of approbation clouded his perceptive powers in reference to our spinster, (who scarcely could conceal her disgust at his barefaced interestedness,) Cornelius determined, at the premature age of seventy, to start in opposition to the Captain, for "the lady's plate:" literally as well as figuratively, I repeat it, for the lady's plate; inasmuch as a certain silver teapot and fiddle-pattern spoons, which he long had coveted, were even more desirable in his eyes than—O, Hymenæe!—the lady's personal attractions.

Now, Thomas and Matilda, though old birds, goodsooth, were yet buoyant enough in juvenile expedients, to resolve upon a frolic at Wiggy's expense, just before their wedding-day; and they privately arranged, by way of

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giving him a wholesome lesson, to delude our purblind philosopher into the idea, that the lady — (*i. e.* the legatee) — phrenologically dreaded Tarline's protrusive ears as prophetical of murder, and was charmed by the moral and intellectual expansion of Wiggy's vain-glorious scalp.

Readily, and in complacent triumph, walked he straight into the snare; listened with compassion to the lady's confidential fears, and doubtless did little to allay them; scanned with curious caution the sailor's knotty cranium, as he purposely one day took an after-dinner snooze, to be inspected; and (seeing the poor fellow's head had been battered more than once by yard-arms, jib-booms, and companion-hatches,) revealed to his inamorata's grateful glance sundry astounding bumps that evidenced ferocious appetite; praised with flexible adroitness her own Minerva-moulded forehead; affected, when urged to extend his inquiries to her well-wigged head, to consider those flowing locks her own by more than right of purchase; and lauded, with indignant eloquence, her an-

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gelic mind, indubitable tenant of so fair a dwelling, and yet meanly designed against by the vile development of a vulgar-minded Tarline! In fine, so well he succeeded in his suit,—so fairly was he seeming victor in the race,—that he looked upon the thing as settled; especially when he privately received a most particular invitation from the lady, "alone," as the note expressed it, "for an evening's tête-a-tête, to learn at his lips more on the sweet subject of Phrenology;" and, doubtless, added he, to conclude her maiden choice of Cornelius Wiggy before Thomas Tarline.

The evening in question of course arrived, big with the fate of Wiggy and phrenology. The obnoxious Captain was reported, satisfactorily enough, to have gone to Greenwich; doubtless to get drunk, like an inveterate animal as he was, among sundry of his maimed acquaintances. Miss Matilda was all smiles and tea, which was speedily succeeded by phrenological discourse over stiff rum-punch; whereof, however, I have reason to believe that the lady's share was mainly toast-and-water, and

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(alas for human depravity!) that the philosopher's was delicately "hocussed;" at least, I only know that after a learned and garrulous descant upon the certain fact, so he termed it, of "whatever has exercised the mind being shown upon the cranium," Cornelius Wiggy suddenly and ungallantly fell fast asleep in an easy chair before the sly Matilda.

"Thomas! Thomas!" vociferated she in ecstasy, without fear of waking up the victim; "make haste! he's fast!" So down came the Captain from regions above.

Now the Captain was a capital hand at drawing charts and maps; and the notable Matilda's marking-ink was the most indelible to be had for money; and, could there possibly be found a finer disc, a more glossy globe, a neater or more tempting space for scientific calculations than the remarkably bald pate of poor Mr. Wiggy, as he lay dormant in that easiest of chairs?

At it they went, gleesome as holiday-making schoolboys, silently secret as conspirators, minutely accurate as "sawbones" at dissection; a

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corrected plan of craniology after Spurzheim, Gall, and Combe, with additions by Cornelius himself, had been previously abstracted from his own study, to aid and abet the undertaking; the Captain's hand was steady, his bearings correct, and his instruments unexceptionable; so then, before half an hour had well gone by, a very accurate draught indeed, neatly lined and numbered as per book, had been mapped out all over Mr. Wiggy's poll and forehead in a cruelly black indelible ink!

Our hapless victim had been too well drugged to be conscious of the roars of laughter wherewith those merry lovers greeted their performance,—a performance which I will say well merited such greeting; for the scientific aspect of that craniologic "bust," as the apex of a coarse, snoring, Silenus-visage, that slept beneath those mystical cantonments, was ludicrous enough to tickle an ermined judge. Moreover, Wiggy was thoroughly unconscious of having been carried home and shuffled up to bed, where a night-cap, dexterously fitted, hid that magical map from the sleepy serving lad.

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In brief, it was long after Captain and Mrs. Tarline, indissolubly spliced, had next morning left St. Mary-le-bone Church in a fly for a treat at Blackwall, that Cornelius, with a cracking headache, woke to the solicitation of his lacquey and hot water; and, with an unsatisfying yawn, pulled off his nightcap.

Gracious! what a start the boy gave, and what a shout of laughter! There was his master, sitting bolt upright, with sleepy eyes, and his head a necromantic medley of lines and calculations! and when that same unhappy master, angered at the lad's unequivocal convulsions, rushed out of bed towards a looking-glass,—by the ghost of Gall! he was not a whit the less astonished than the boy. Here was miraculous evidence of the truth of phrenology, with all the last additions by himself!—here was his constant dream delineated,—that identical immortalizing chart! Did he live, breathe, feel? was he sane? could he believe his eyes? The presence of that laughing lacquey alone confirmed his consciousness; for he *had*, ere now, been philosopher enough to doubt his own exist-

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ence. Moreover, this marvellous glorification of his own map (Wiggy's) lay blazoned out in praise upon his author-scalp as flattering unction to his soul. All he could remember of last night was the fair Matilda's yielding admiration of his phrenologic eloquence; especially and this he recollected well, of that prime doctrine in his creed, the mind and its workings, as revealed upon the cranium!

And here verily it was, definite, bodily, clear as copper-plate; his every thought mapped out with (startling fact!) those latest emendations; his forehead ticketed over with clustering islands of intelligence, a range of little Apennines, carrying each its mystic figure over the ridges of his moral occiput, and his wondering eyebrows, drest in a favourable eruption of music, drawing, form, and numeration! If this wasn't proof of his attainments in phrenology, what on earth could be?

But when, with a bran new flaxen wig pulled over even to his eyelashes, our hero called at No. 9, and found nothing but a slice of wedding cake waiting for his morning's call; and

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when, by dint of excoriating his hapless poll with the roughest huck-a-back, he found that here and there half a figure yielded to his efforts; Mr. Cornelius Wiggy "smoked:" whether in wrath, or athletic exertion, or shame, or shrewdness, I wot not, but certain it is he "smoked;" and I never heard that he went to his pet Phrenological Society from that day forward.

As a companion picture to that "Tale of a Head," take this "Tale of a Hat," following. Its merits are most probably minute enough to be easily overlooked; but self-censure is self-praise: be charitable.

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THE TRUANT;

A TALE OF A HAT.

Shewing how a man may go further than he means, and come back all the wiser.

"YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope;" who expect that to-morrow will honour all the drafts of to-day; and that the plots of selfishness will not be blown up by the gunpowder of confusion: attend to this woeful misadventure of Thomas Muddle, hosier, in the Barbican.

A July sun smote the London pavement with dog-day ferocity, and was rapidly driving the wretched citizens quite crazy for country scenes and fresh air: nor was any spirit more stirred by the mania of Discontent than that of Thomas Muddle. He began to loathe business, and hate the sight of hosiery; to look with longing eyes upon the

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Bull and Mouth, and to yearn with all his heart after outward-bound coaches. In fact, he was thoroughly unhinged, disjointed, holiday-bitten; and, (intensely resolved upon taking his pleasure at any cost and all mortal hazards,) he suddenly and secretly made arrangements for giving Mrs. Muddle the slip, and railing it early next morning to Brighton. Miserable man! reckless alike of the conjugal storm that undoubtedly awaited his return, of the real anxieties that would harass four kind-hearted daughters as to his mysterious fate, and (worse than all) of something very like a presumptive act of bankruptcy, — the reprobate Thomas determined upon taking out his selfish swing of pleasure, and deliberately preferred an unduteous puff upon the chain-pier to the calls of common prudence and domestic charity.

Full of this unpardonable purpose, and restless with turbid visions of to-morrow's stolen joy, Muddle shut up shop two hours earlier than usual, and, to indulge his delightful reveries, took a solitary lounge upon

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Cheapside. He had indeed no better object than to avoid the keen-eyed curiosity of home, for his daughters had all day long imagined "poor papa beside himself," and his shrewd spouse had hinted her irascible suspicions of "brandy being at the bottom of it:" whereas we illuminati all know that it was Brighton, not brandy, that had stolen away his mind; and that his body was fixed to follow it next morning at eight: but we do *not* yet all know, that retributive Justice, in the guise of a perambulating billsticker, was decoying our recreant deserter to his punishment; seasonable withal and discriminative, such as he was likely to remember to his dying day.

While sauntering along in blissful idealities, the following document forcibly arrested his attention;

"Specially patronized by the Prince of Wales,
and Princess Royal!
Felt and Napper's double-patent aquatic Life-Hats;
strongly recommended by the Lords of the Admiralty,
and prescribed by the College of Physicians
as indispensable
to bathers who cannot swim!"

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"How lucky! how uncommon lucky!" exclaimed our hero—"I'll take a dip,—that's poz; and this here hat's just the thing for me as can't swim: safe as a trivet,—how uncommon lucky!" Thus, much blessing his auspicious stars, Muddle effected the predestined purchase. "It's a surprizin' neat tile, too," he soliloquized, "and it and me shall make quite a sensation to-morrow on the chain-pier,—shan't we,—that's all?"—O prophetic Muddle, indeed you will.

How he scarcely slept a wink, was up betimes, and guiltily rushed off like a truant school-boy to the terminus; how Mrs. Muddle and her daughters four were full of horror at his unaccountable disappearance (for even his own old hat mysteriously hung on its accustomed peg); how the beadle and policeman searched for the seeming suicide in vain; and how frantically divers creditors cursed that scoundrel Muddle, it boots not now to tell. He is flying along, full of exhilarating thoughts of escape, hope, and glad anticipation, at the rate of thirty miles an hour to the lodestar

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of his wishes; and, to wile away even the little tedium of a railway, he is diligently conning, from a printed handbill, the virtues of his new Life-Hat. The description fires his fancy; not merely would it "save its fortunate owner from a watery grave, but make him instantaneously a swimmer;" only to "blow out this priceless invention and its caoutchouc lining with atmospheric air," (so ran the precious document,) "tie it by the hatband to the neck, throw the chest upon it, and strike out!" What could be easier or pleasanter? and our resolute little man determined to make instant proof of the qualities of his new possession. Arrived at the Brighton terminus, and thoroughly eschewing everything that savoured of a town, he pocketed the shirt-collar and toothbrush, which the flattery of a Boots would have called his luggage, and before ten this bright summer morning, is tripping over the fields to Hove; he rounds the church, passes the turnpike, and hotly hastens over the high broad shingle-beach to that goal of his fond hopes — the Sea.

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"Oh! how very special nice it looks!" for our friend became poetical, "it's a regular card of invite to a poor smoke-dried cockney like me; I shan't wait till after breakfast, but in at once; and then to sport fine on the chain-pier, when the quality's there in the afternoon; isn't this bit o' spree a precious sight better than scolding with my old missus in the Barbican? I should think so,—and no mistake."

Now, forasmuch as no eye beheld the disrobing of Thomas Muddle, far be it from me to specify his particular appearance on that lonely shore: only, in a general way, we may fancy that Thetis and the Ocean Nymphs found it considerably ludicrous to gaze upon our fat little friend with his red face, bald head, and fringe of grizzled hair, balancing on its apex the double-patent aquatic life-hat, duly bloated into grenadier dimensions, — or they would scarcely have served him the treacherous trick they did.

For so it was, that the tide was ebbing rapidly, and the wind was getting up,—pleasantly enough to the heated frame of Muddle,

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but still—off-shore: so, as our friend (rolling like a porpoise in the grateful brine, and finding his aquatic hat more comfortable to lean on counterwise, than to balance on his head in the water,) began to try the swimming tack, it was perfectly delightful to find how well he got on: there he was, valiantly striking out in the direction of France, whilst, buoyed up by that capital inflated hat, and helped by both wind and tide, it was delicious to discover what progress he was making.

"Aha!" thought Muddle, in this zenith of his guilty pleasures; "how Stickins the butcher would envy me now, had he but sperit enough to cut Barbican for a day as I do: this is the way to float briny, this is;" and he struck out more manfully than ever; "this is the ticket for swimming, this is; but it blows a feller, too, —I must be getting back again."

Alas, poor Muddle! he tried to turn,—but, as in the case of Avernus, etcetera, found turning no such easy matter; he struggled, plunged, floundered, and got half-drowned; but all in vain; the winds and the waves had been com-

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missioned to punish him; that pernicious hat would keep sailing out to sea, and to it he must cling for dear life: here was a pretty pickle! Oh! with what longing apprehensions he looked dismally through brimming eyes at that dear and distant speck, his cast-off garments still diminishing! Oh! with what bitterness of grief did he now repent his criminal expedition! with what intensity of hatred did he curse that abominable hat! Meanwhile, there he was, in course of being comfortably drifted out of sight of land: was he to be cast ashore anywhere, totally unclad? it was horrible to think of! or was he to dance upon the waters till he died, in close copartnership with that dreadful hat, which still he did not dare to part with? How often he thought of suicidally letting go! how earnestly he detested now those so long desired joys of cold sea-bathing; for the poor disgusted wretch began to feel absolutely fishy, thoroughly saturated as he was with hour after hour of remorseless salt-water:—there:—let us leave him till the tide turns, in the purgatory of punishment consciously deserved.

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Meantime, what is doing at Brighton ? that Brighton of his yearning hopes, into which, be it remembered, our unfortunate acquaintance has not yet made his entrée. A prying custom-house officer has been long inspecting, with his optic tube, a very unaccountable sea-serpent indeed: there is a knot of sea-faring fellows about him, that can't make it out at all; what can the thing be ? no earthly man can swim across from Boulogne,—and yet, here it comes bobbing from the verge of the horizon ! Moreover it's not swimming at all, but dancing up and down in the strangest fashion possible ; as the wonderment increases, so does the crowd, and so do the surmises; a rumour gets abroad that there is a *merman* off Brighton, and the excitement is intense: the Esplanade is crowded, and hundreds of patent telescopes are directed at the hapless speck of life that provokes their curiosity : boats push off eagerly,—but see, as the tide gets stronger (and it is all against the boats) the creature has got into the swing of the current that bears upon the pier-head; he's sure, at any rate, to turn up there ; and, forth-

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with the eager multitude pay their innumerable two-pences and throng the chain-pier,—to hail the triumphant coming of Muddle and his hat!

Now, it so happened, that one among that curious crowd was a Mr. Joseph Barrel, a distinguished writer upon fishes, who was in the highest degree elated at the prospect of capturing a British Triton.

"Positively," roared he, with ecstatic exultation, "I can see the monster's tail! it's slimy, and black, and he 's leaning his arms upon it! Five pounds to the fisherman who takes him! and mind," whispered he to the marine conclave, "wrap the creature up well in a tarpaulin, for it won't do to exhibit him for nothing."

How ineffably lucky for the miserable Muddle, that this speculative avarice of piscine philosophy hindered a display of the sea-tost hosier *in puris naturalibus!*

And now he nears the pier,—so cold, famished, and exhausted, that the only spark of animal consciousness is shown in clinging to his hat, that detestable double-patent aquatic Life-hat: his puffy red face, white whiskers, and bald-pate,

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together with the blue goose-skin of his apparent person, and that Scylla-like coil on which he leans, make the multitude unanimous in hailing him an undisputed Merman; while the shrewd fishermen, who, in pulling the unfortunate from among the black piles of the chain-pier-head, had speedily discovered his species, hastened to pour a little brandy down his throat, wrapped him in many a rough garment, and then, flinging over all the prescribed tarpaulin, proceeded with no small sly humour, to claim their reward from the triumphant Barrel: so, at his philosophic feet, in the midst of the crowd, and near the sun-dial, was deposited this marvellous old man of the sea.

Was ever mortal so woe begone! here was, indeed, a sensation made upon the pier by Muddle and his hat, — that intolerable hat! as the brandy and the clothes infused warmth into his frame, our hero began gradually to discern his situation: and truly, considered as a day's pleasure, it was deplorable enough,—cast naked on the chain-pier, and taken for a Merman! Oh! that diabolical hat! with a sudden

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burst of passion the hosier tore it into tatters, and with it all the disinterested Barrel's golden hopes of a Triton-in-fee, at half-a-crown a head: for it could not be disputed that the torrent of imprecations issuing from the luckless Muddle indicated hu-man and not mer-man. But, nevertheless, here he was at the climax of his hopes, the chain-pier of Brighton, with his "surprizin' neat tile" and nothing else! hours ago had the remorseless tide swept away all his other garments, — and, forasmuch as he had rushed off to Hove instantly on arriving, and had not even made friends with an innkeeper, our poor holiday-maker found himself at the goal of his desires, unknown, penniless, and naked!

How a subscription on the spot, and divers generous donations of clothing supplied his needs; how humbled, and how immediately he returned by rail that same day to his really weeping wife and children; and how thoroughly he repented of that graceless expedition,—let me leave you all to fancy: moreover, I think there 's a moral in the tale.

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Place there!—place for a leash of sonnets! we would "sing before we die." At least you get variety; for these three concern right different subjects:—No. 1. is on a green-house: No. 2. egotistically regards a first-born baby-boy: whilst No. 3. immortalizes a theme "adhuc indictum ore alio,"—the toothache: think of a sonnet on the toothache!

No. 1.

Fragrant and fresh, the tropical warm air
Lures into life my 'bright consummate' flowers
That, newly bathed in artificial showers,
Shew to the sun their thousand beauties rare:
Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
Its eastern tassel down the prickly stem,
And Fuscias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
Like hovering humming-birds in emerald bowers:
There, the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
Above this lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers;
While fair Camelias, mingling in the throng
With blushing Roses, and Geraniums bright,
Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
And wrap the heart 'in dances and delight.'

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No. 2.

Not slender is the triumph, nor the joy,
To know and feel that, for his father's sake,
The world will look with favour on my boy;
—On thee, my pretty little prattling son,—
On thee!—and that it shall be thine to take
(With whatsoever else of this world's spoil)
For heritage the honours I have won.
Speed on, my second self, speed nobly on!
Forget, in good men's praise, the strife and toil
Which Folly's herd shall still around thee make
If thou dost well; speed on in gifts and grace,
Beloved of God and man, even as now;
Speed,—and in both worlds win the glorious race,
Bearing thy father's blessing on thy brow!

No. 3.

A raging throbbing tooth,—it burns! it burns!
Darting its fiery fibres to the brain,
A stalk of fever on a root of pain,
A red-hot coal, a dull sore cork by turns,

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A poison, kindred to the viper's fang,
Galling and fretting: ha! it stings again,
Riving the sensitive nerve with keenest pang.
Well; from this bitter let me cull the sweet,
For Goodness never did afflict in vain,
But wills that Pain should sit at Wisdom's feet:
Serve God in pleasant health; repent, and pray,
While the frail body rests at grateful ease?
And, sympathize with sickness and decay,
Charitable to Man: remember these.

I will take leave of the Reader, for this volume at least, with the following lines in the style of my "Proverbial Philosophy."

A SIMPLE HYMN FOR HARVEST-HOME.

Oh bless the God of harvest, praise him through the land,
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:
Praise him for the fields, that have rendered up their riches,
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil;
Praise him for the close shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked
in early summer;

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Praise him for the wheat-sheaves gathered safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough:
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,
For skill and labour prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
Oh happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks.
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,
For all your leaves, and flowers, and fruits, we praise the God of harvest!
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labour, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains;
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of harvest!
And ye, oh some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise,
Poor darkling sons of care and toil, and unillumined night,

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Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that blessing
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gathered,—
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this song of praise,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,
And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain or neatly thatch the rick,—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
And join this cheerful song of praise,—to bless the God of harvest!

THE END.

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